

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

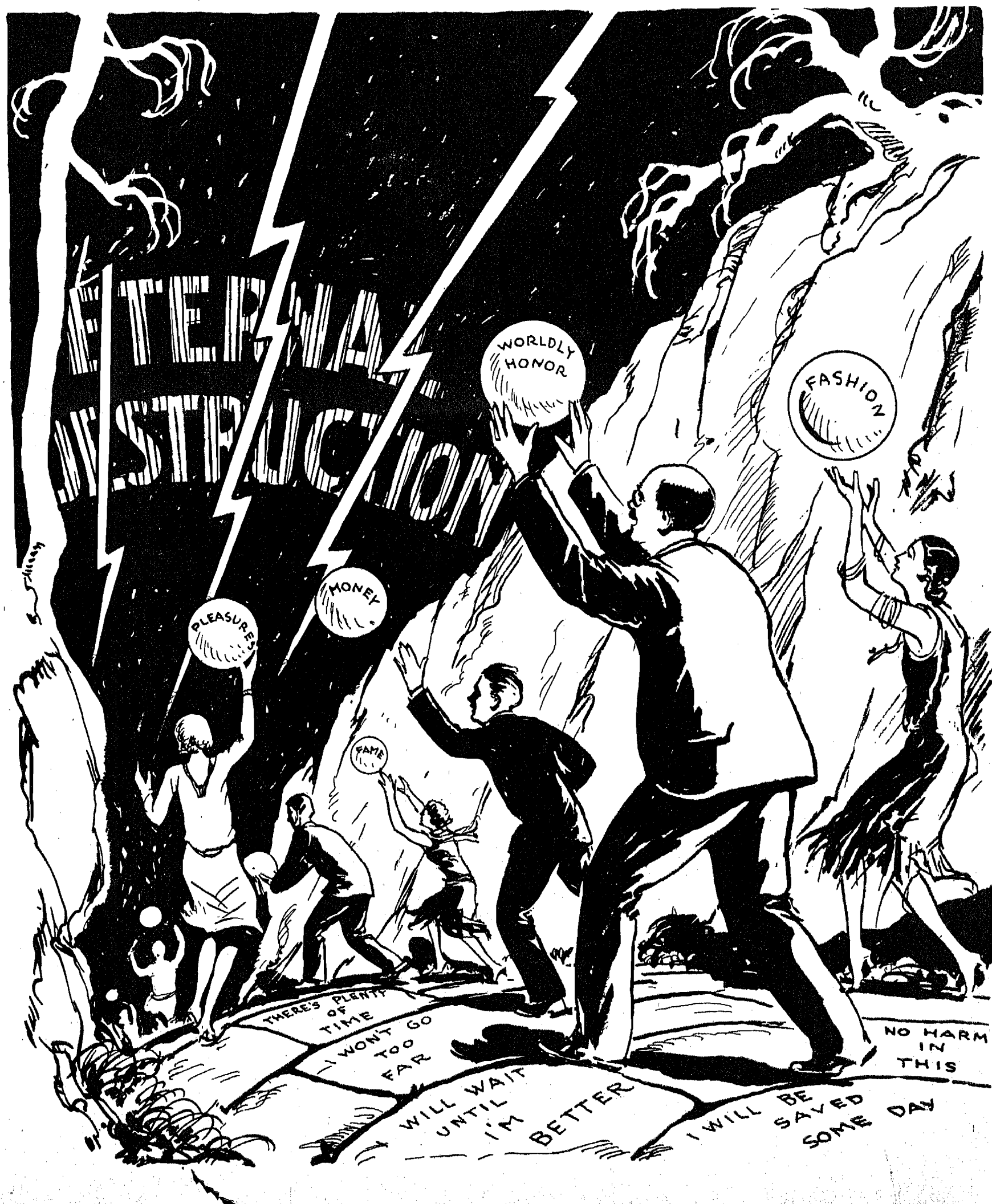
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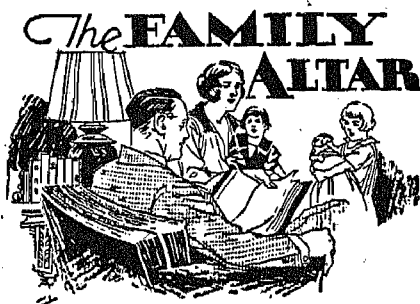


WORD-PICTURE OF OUR MASTER

THERE lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch.

He is a tall man, well shaped and of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching about His shoulders, parted on the crown of His head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is high, large and imposing; His cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; His beard, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork; His eyes bright, blue, clear and serene, look innocent, He is dignified, manly and mature.

In proportion of body He is most perfect and captivating; His arms and hands delectable to behold. He rebukes majesty, counsels with mildness, His whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen Him laugh, yet His manners are exceedingly pleasant, but He has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest and wise. A man, for His extraordinary beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men in every sense.



Sunday, Sept. 7th, Galatians 3:19-29

"ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS."—How we realize this in the Salvation Army! Men and women from all countries and with every kind of upbringing meet together in love and harmony because we are "in Christ." Song Book—No. 866.

Monday, Sept. 8th, Galatians 4:111.

"IF A SON, THEN AN HEIR OF GOD, THROUGH CHRIST."—By putting themselves under disobedience to the Jewish law, these Galatians had taken the place of servants in their relationship to God. They were thus living far below their privilege, for, through faith in Jesus, they had become sons of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

Tuesday, Sept. 9th, Galatians 4:12-26

"AM I . . . BECOME YOUR ENEMY BECAUSE I TELL YOU THE TRUTH?"—The Apostle had spoken the truth "in love," yet it had been resented and he regarded as an enemy. "Foolish Galatians!" Paul sorrowfully calls them "bewitched against the truth." Song Book—No. 457.

Wed., Sept. 10th, Galatians 6:1-15

"BY LOVE SERVE ONE ANOTHER!"—And love gives us such skill and knowledge that our service becomes really useful. Working for love, we shall not mind whether our place is behind the scenes or where every one sees us. Song Book—No. 740.

Thurs., Sept. 11th, Galatians 6:16-26

"WALK IN THE SPIRIT AND YE SHALL NOT FULFILL THE LUST OF THE FLESH."—Perhaps the most difficult temptations to overcome are those which appeal to our natural inclinations, "to the lust of the flesh." When temptation arises we should listen for and at once obey the direct-

(Continued in column 4)

THE ARMY FOUNDER ASKS— DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST?

I BEGAN my career with the old-fashioned affirmation, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," and all the way through life I have striven, although, often, alas! in a very imperfect fashion, to shape my labors so as to be in harmony with that conviction.

The Salvation Army is the creation of the Holy Spirit. All it knows of life and vitality, and all the power it possesses to bless the world, come from the Holy Spirit; to this day waves of Divine influence, in a lesser or greater measure, sweep over it which proceed from Him alone.

But what we have already been privileged to see has, in my estimation, been only the prelude to spiritual upheavals that shall shake the nations. I am expecting that The Army will see God coming out of His hiding-place as a consuming fire—not to destroy sinners, but to burn up atheisms, the devilries, the selfishness, and the conceits which master their lives.

But if the Holy Ghost is to do greater things for us, we must do greater things for Him.

1. Let us see to it that our faith in the existence of the Holy Ghost is more definite and pronounced than it has hitherto been.



THE ARMY FOUNDER

I am afraid that the faith of many in the existence and co-operation of the Holy Spirit is not much more than a sentiment. How is it with you? Do you really believe that He personally comes to your hearts and helps you in your work? Might not your faith be intensified?

2. Let us yield ourselves, such as we are, and with such capacities and interests as we possess, to be used by Him according to all the good pleasure of His will.

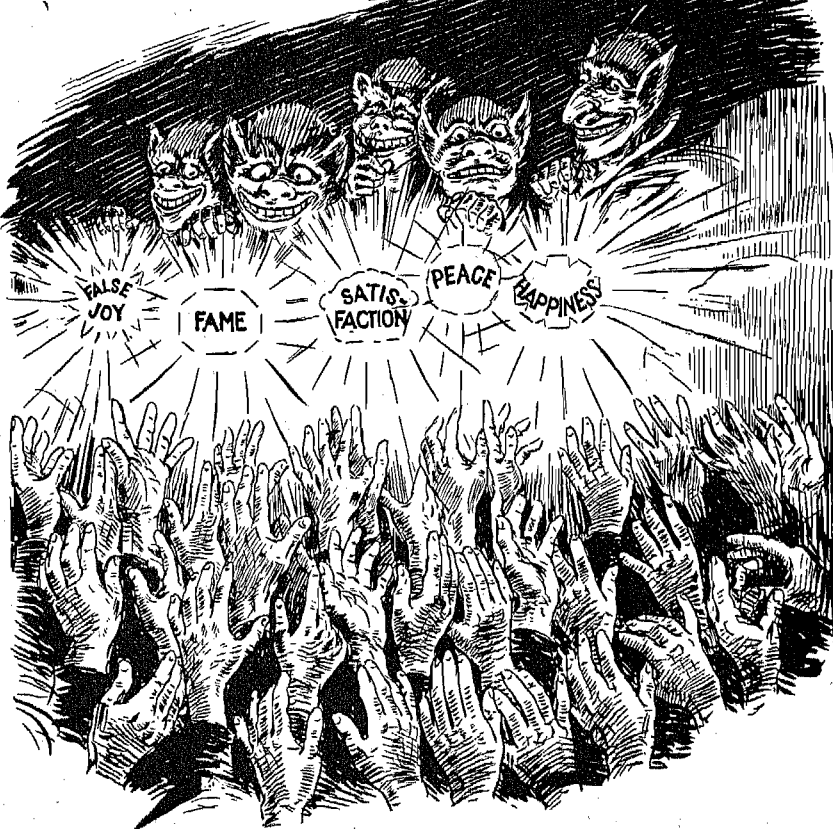
Invite the Holy Spirit more than ever to work through you, using your hands, your feet, your lips, your eyes, your brains, and your hearts, just as He wishes. Put yourselves, your loved ones, your all, at His feet, for His service.

ANOTHER QUESTION—

ARE YOU SAVED?

IF NOT, READ WHAT THIS PANEL SAYS

SATAN'S GLITTERING BAUBLES ARE ALWAYS A LITTLE OUT OF REACH



THE PILGRIM'S SONG

Tune: *The Prisoner's Song.*

I have strayed o'er the wild rugged mountains,
Through the dark, dismal valleys alone.

I have wandered far over the deserts,
Far away from the comforts of home.

I have found out the Way of Salvation,
To mine eyes did an Angel appear,
And he gave me a Book of Instruction
A Guide for my travel down here.

I have found there is Someone who loves me,
There is Someone who calls me His own;
And now I have something to live for
Far better than ever I've known.

I have lost from my heart one big burden,
One big burden of sin and despair,
At the Cross came the great Burden-bearer,
As I knelt He unburdened me there.

I have peace in my heart all-surpassing,
And my lips sing His praises in song.
I have joy in the true bonds of friendship
As with Jesus I journey along.

I have heard of a wonderful City
That stands on a bright golden shore;
And some day in a mansion I'll dwell there,
When my life's pilgrim journey is o'er.—Captain John H. Pitton,
Sitnagaram Settlement, India.

What Being Saved Means

When a man declares that he is saved he means, first, that God, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, has forgiven his sins, has cast them behind His back, never to be remembered against him any more. There are two ways in which God can deal justly with the transgressor. He must either pardon or punish him. The man who persists in trampling on the laws of God must, because of the justness of God, be punished. The man who ceases to do evil, confesses his sin, and claims mercy, receives a free and willing pardon.

Being saved also implies a change of heart. When a man realizes his true sinful condition before God, he also finds that his evil habits have forced him into a condition of slavery to sin; he cannot free himself from sin's mastery. It is then that the Holy Spirit gives him power over the evil in his heart. Being saved therefore implies forgiveness of sins and a heart freed from sin's slavery.

SIMPLE FAITH

The heart of Jesus was always in heaven, full of its songs, full of its joys. He saw God with the eyes of His spirit, as we may see Him. He looked, as we may look, beyond present circumstances, and He exalted in the knowledge that God was taking care of Him. The saints should live this kind of life, joyous, victorious. Let us pray for such simple faith, such confidence, such joy.

(Continued from column 1)

ing voice of the Holy Spirit.
Song Book—No. 438.

Friday, Sept. 12th, Galatians 6:1-6

"YE WHICH ARE SPIRITUAL RESTORE SUCH AN ONE."—Paul knew that the work of restoring a fallen comrade could only be successfully attempted by those possessing much of the spirit of Jesus. Song Book—No. 430.

Saturday, Sept. 13th, Galatians 6:7-18

"LET US NOT BE WEARY . . . FOR . . . WE SHALL REAP."—Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.
Song Book—No. 708.



The Prospectors

A Captivating Story of Mining Life, Adventure and Soul-Saving

"I believe
it's true
what they
say—habits
grow on a chap."

"What's the matter with yuh, Pat? You ain't goin' to get saved, are you?"

"Dunno, Sam; I'm gittin' too fond o' the drink. The missis is worried, an' I don't feel easy. I have tried to quit; to get on the water-wagon, but I can't stick. Sure if God can save a moocher like Bill Brown. He can—. I say, look there!"

On the brow of a mighty distant mountain the blizzards and wind storms had, during the Winter months, whirled the snow into all sorts of fantastic overhanging shapes, but with the approach of Spring, and the warm chinook winds, the snow had got soft and less tenacious, and while the prospectors conversed a small lump fell from an overhanging rock to a slanting expanse of snow beneath and began to roll down the

hideous wreckage in the bed of the valley, having inflicted a great, raw, red-brown wound on the mountain side.

"Habits—booze and gambling—are like a snowslide," remarked Pat, when the roaring and onward rush of displaced air had passed, "easy and gentle at the start, but mighty fast and furious at the finish."

"Gwin wid ye," said Sam, "that's the place to go prospecting to-morrow."

"I guess we'd best be hiking now," said Pat, and hoisting his pack on his broad shoulders, he prepared to follow the mountain torrent down the rocky gully. Sam did likewise, keeping a sharp lookout for any indications of ore streaks thereabouts.

Pat had seen an outcrop of rock that seemed to be metal-bearing, so he broke off some lumps and placed

ed in snow that the firs bent with the weight. Against a cold, north sky shot up a row of serrated peaks. Everywhere was the desolation of a Klondike Winter in the wilderness.

Yet, there was some evidence of life in that gulch, for spaced at regular distances were mounds of white at the edges of square pits. Surrounding each was a clearing out of which freshly cut stakes protruded. Over the last hole a rude windlass straddled, and out of the pit rose a thin wisp of smoke and steam. A narrow trail led to a shack beside the creek.

From the cabin came a gaunt, heavily clad man, who strode towards the prospect hole, descending by a ladder into the pit, and hauled out of it the charred logs that had thawed the frozen gravel. With a heavy, wooden bucket he removed the dirt from the shaft and then, as he had done for several months, heaped full his gold pan and started for his cabin to test his prospect. He dissolved the clay lumps and washed the gravel, and then with a movement of his wrist spread out the contents of the pan in which gleamed bright particles of coarse gold.

At last he had struck it—and struck it rich!

The Great Find

News of the great find soon spread in the Northland, and the first stampede began to arrive. They were gaunt fellows, worn by sleepless days and nights of battling with rivers and arduous travel, and among them was Sam Roberts, who had left British Columbia when the cry arose, "Klondike or bust!" and, surviving the horrors of the trail, in his thirst for gold, joined in the rush to Red-Gold Creek, staked out claims and worked them until he nearly died of fatigue.

Saloons and gambling hells sprang up, and Sam Roberts, whose indulgence in this way had made him an inveterate gambler, spent his nights at shaking dice and shuffling cards, losing to professional card-sharps the gold he had so laboriously won from the ice-bound gravel during the day. One night, having no more gold to lose, he put up his mine and lost it.

Winter was again approaching, so he decided to go to Dawson City. After a heart-breaking tramp he entered the city hungry and penniless, and in his distress he accepted The Army's offer of food and shelter to "stone-broke" miners.

The meetings carried his mind back to Revelstoke in the Canadian Rockies; to Pat Mullins' talk about habits growing on one, and to Bill Brown's deliverance from the habit of booze. He wanted freedom from the power of the gambling habit, and one night he went out to the Penitent-form and got it.

Patrick Mullins' wife, on the Pacific Coast, is no longer worried about her husband's fondness for drink. He has been for many years a uniformed Salvationist.

Sam Roberts is still in Alaska, a truly converted man, whose great joy is to leave the mines for a spell and go into a town where The Army is at work, and thrill the people with his story.

Neither has made his pile, but both have struck a rich pay streak in the Kingdom of Heaven.



One night, having no more gold to lose, he put up his mine and lost it

thousands of feet to the valley below. It was the rumbling noise that had arrested Pat's attention.

Breathlessly the two men watched the onward sweep of the avalanche as, growing in volume and power every second, the now huge mass of snow and debris swept down with a noise like crashing thunder, tearing up by the roots the undergrowth and laying bare the rocky ribs of the mountain side. On went the avalanche, bounding through a dense forest of immense trees, and bending giant Douglas firs and tamaracks until they broke off short at the stumps, leaving ruin and devastation in its train, and finally piling itself up in

them in his pack for future examination. Rising up from his stooping position to take his bearings, he was momentarily transfixed with terror to find himself staring into the face and open mouth of a huge, brown bear. He was unarmed, save for his prospector's hammer, which he straightway threw with unerring aim into the red jaws of the sitting beast. The hammer got firmly lodged into bruin's throat, and so completely engrossed his attention that he heeded not the quick disappearance of the two prospectors, who headed straight for home.

The valley was so heavily smother-

"YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS!"

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room, and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He

looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked me frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?'

"Before I had time to answer, he had said, 'Oh, I know why you were not afraid; you said your prayers this morning before your work, and you knew God would take care of you.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

SITTING on a prostrate pine in the Kootenay mining regions of the Rocky Mountains were two men. Obviously they were prospectors following the courses of the streams and snowslides in search of the gold, silver, or copper, said to abound in the district. They were roughly dressed and richly tanned. At their feet rested the packs under which they had toiled up mountains, forded rivers and descended into valleys. Close at hand a foaming torrent, pea-green with glacier mud, rushed down the mountain slopes. For miles they had followed the river in the hopes that its waters had laid bare gold-bearing rocks, the discovery of which would bring them fortune; so toil-worn and unrewarded they freed themselves from their burdens, and sat and ate.

It was Springtime, the sun shone and filled the rivers by day that were held in chains by the frost at night, and all around them were the mountains covered with snow, except where black rocks pierced the glistening mantle, or great patches of giant firs, cedars and balsam trees shook themselves clear of the Winter's covering and contrasted vividly with the stretches of dazzling white.

Patrick Mullins, tall, broad-shouldered, and forty years of age, was a native of Ontario, who went West with the cutting of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He worked then as a lumberjack, but liked British Columbia so well that when the railway finished, he remained, got married, and took up prospecting.

A Better Man Since

Sam Roberts was younger and of smaller build, but strong as steel wire. He was a Nova Scotian by birth, and a coal miner by occupation, but the lure of lucky streaks had got into his blood, and he had joined Pat Mullins in the quest for gold.

Both then lived at Revelstoke. A short time previously, The Salvation Army had opened fire in that little town on the Columbia River, which was a gateway to the great West Kootenay mining camps. Conversation consequently swung round to the doings of the Salvationists.

"I'm a Cath'lic," said Pat, "but Bill Brown is a better man since he got converted, as they call it, than he was before."

"I dunno about that," said Sam Roberts. "I don't call a man bad because he lifts his elbow."

"Well, I shouldn't like to say he is either, for by the same token both you and I can do a bit of that, Sam. But Bill did more than booze."

"What else did he do?"

"Slam his wife and keep the children short of grub and clothes, and git red-eyed and palsied."

"Yes, Bill was a measly, low-down creature all right."

"Well, look at him now! My missis tells me that the tumble-down shack they live in is smartened up wonderful, he's working steady, and brings his money home."

"Glad to hear that for the little woman's sake."

For a moment there was silence. Both pulled hard at their pipes.

"Sam!"
"Ello!"

VICTORY CROWNS OUR BANNERS!

DRUM BECOMES ALTAR

NEW LISKEARD (Captain and Mrs. Underhill)—We are glad to report signs of a real spiritual awakening at our Corps.

Our Open-air work is proving of special blessing. On a recent Saturday night the street was thronged with people listening to the Gospel message, and at the Captain's invitation for seekers to kneel at the drum-head for Salvation, one young man broke through the crowd and sought the Saviour, while the comrades, dropping on their knees, prayed with him.

Indoor attendances are increasing and we are believing for greater results. A feature of the War here is united weekly meetings with the Officers of Halleybury and Cobalt Corps in charge.

AULD LANG SYNE

GANANOQUE (Captain Payne, Lieutenant Smith)—On Sunday, August 9th, we were pleased to have Adjutant and Mrs. Laurie with us from New York. Mrs. Laurie entered the Training Garrison from this Corps over twenty years ago. She spoke of the goodness of God in the midst of sunshine and storm during the years that have elapsed. There is also a link which binds the Adjutant to this Corps, he having been stationed here many years ago.

Brother and Sister Cruse and Brother and Sister Evenden, from Hamilton I, were also visitors in our meeting and witnessed for God. A week ago two souls claimed Salvation.

On Thursday, August 13th, Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson who were stationed here twelve years ago, conducted the meeting. Many friends and comrades gathered to revive old memories. A kindly tribute was paid by ex-Mayor Wilson to the Adjutant's untiring service during those dark days of the War, when he worked hard for the "boys." A young woman volunteered for Christ in the Prayer-meeting.

IMPRESSIVE MEMORIAL

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman)—A splendid crowd gathered on Sunday, August 17th, for the Memorial service of Bro. George Bradley. The service was conducted by Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, assisted by Adjutant Larman, the Corps Officer, and was of a very impressive and solemn character. Field-Major Parsons petitioned the throne of grace. Bandmaster McGregor, representing the Band, spoke with tenderness of his association with the departed warrior.

The Songsters sang feelingly, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Brother Robinson, Corps Cadet Guardian, spoke for the Young People.

Captain William Bradley, a son, thanked the many kind friends, on behalf of his mother and family, for their prayers and sympathy, and earnestly pleaded for some one to fill the vacant place of his departed father.

The Band played "Promoted to Glory," the whole of the congregation standing in silent reverence and Bandsmen Hotchkiss sang with fervor, "Some Day We'll Understand."

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond gave an earnest and sincere address on the brevity and the uncertainty of life, prior to which he paid a striking tribute to the sacred memory of the crowd of holy comrades who have gone to their Reward. He made touching reference to the 41 years' acquaintance with the warrior.

The promotion of our dear comrade has made a profound impression upon the Corps.

A well-fought prayer-meeting resulted in the surrender of a backslider Bandsman, followed by three for Salvation.—A.E.G.

BAND ESCAPES CUSTODY

CHIEF OF POLICE SAYS HE WOULD LIKE TO DETAIN VISITORS, AND WHY

At the "Four Corners" in Kingsville, on Saturday last, His Worship Mayor Hall, publicly welcomed the Windsor I Band with words of appreciation for the work of The Salvation Army. Staff-Captain Frank Ham, the Divisional Commander, responded, and spoke of the desire of the Band to bring blessing to the community and aid to the local Corps. Several hundred people listened to the program that followed.

A nine-mile trip to the village of Harrow and the Band was again greeted by a large and appreciative crowd. In the United Church at Harrow on the Sunday morning, Staff-Captain Ham conducted a Holiness meeting. The singing of the Band was an aid to the spirit of worship. Nearly four hundred people were present.

At Lakeside Park, Kingsville, in the afternoon, a program worthy of the splendid reputation the Band has gained, was given. A delightful feature of this meeting was the impromptu address given by Mr. Jack Miner, the man who has made Kingsville famous. His warm and appreciative commendation of The Salvation

Army's spiritual work, his tribute to the faithfulness of our local comrades, coupled with spiritual advice, was a tonic to believers and surely carried conviction to the unconverted present.

At night, the spacious Kingsville United Church, kindly loaned, was well-filled and a profitable Salvation meeting was directed by the Divisional Commander, who was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Holmes.

The final of the nine engagements of the Band was held at the "Four Corners," and the Bandsmen, under the baton of Bandmaster Cobbett, really excelled themselves.

"A real stimulus has been given our local work," said Adjutant Davies, the Corps Officer, in thanking the Bandsmen for their labor of love. His Worship Mayor Hall, who, by the way, attended nearly every meeting held, came forward to second the Adjutant's vote of thanks. Chief of Police Mr. Phillion, declared that he would like to put the Band in custody at Kingsville, that the citizens might be assured of hearing more of the music which had brought so much blessing.

FIRST INDOOR MEETING

SACKVILLE (Captain Dawe, Lieutenant McCallum)—Sunday was a day of blessing, the evening service being conducted by Sergeant-Major Richards, of Moncton, and we rejoiced in the return of three backsliders to the Fold. Special Open-air meetings are being held during the Summer months in out-of-town districts. Last week the first Army indoor service was held in Midgie Orange Hall when seventy-seven were present. Those who took part were Captain N. O'Brien, Captain Hicks, Sergeant-Major Richards, and Lieutenant McCallum. Treasurer Hicks and Brother James Long have made these services possible by lending their cars.—J.F.

TWO AT ALTAR

PORT COLBORNE (Captain Johnston)—During the Salvation meeting on Sunday, August 10th, we rejoiced to see two souls reconsecrating their all to God.

On Wednesday, August 13th, we held our annual Young People's picnic at Reeb's Bay.

On Sunday, August 17th, the meetings were conducted by Captain Ibbotson and his message was of encouragement to all.

Recently, while holding an Open-air at one of our Outposts, prayer was requested for a sick person.—L. Blanchard.

BANJO FETCHES THEM

UXBRIDGE (Ensign Wright, Lieutenant Keefer)—On a recent Sunday evening we had a quartet of singers from Toronto who gave a service of song. Much blessing was experienced.

Our attendances are increasing at both Open-air and inside services. Concerning the former, when the Lieutenant begins to play his banjo the sidewalks become crowded, and we are thus enabled to drive home some straight Gospel truth.

BEACH CROWDS REACHED

MONCTON (Adjutants McLean and Hayward)—The Moncton Band, under Bandmaster Deadman, visited Hillsboro on a recent occasion and rendered a program which was greatly appreciated by a large crowd. Later the Band visited Peticodiac where hundreds of people stood listening for over an hour. We also visited Hopewell Cape where an audience of about five hundred people were present. Landry's Beach, about twenty miles from here, has been given the Gospel message in music and testimony. A young girl who had never been to The Army heard the Band and asked her aunt to take her to The Army, with the result that she was in the meeting the following Sunday night and was much impressed.—Band Corres. Lutes.

EXETER'S NEW "TEMPLE"

EXETER (Captain L. Jordan and Lieutenant R. Smith)—The opening services of our new Hall, on August 9th and 10th were conducted by Major Best, who was accompanied by the London I Octet. The Hall was filled morning and night.

On Saturday night the Octet rendered a musical program, the Reeve of Exeter presiding as chairman. Previous to the program a useful Open-air was held at Hensall, an Outpost of Exeter.

On Sunday afternoon the party motored to Grand Bend and a service was held on the beach. In the evening a further program was presented in the park, where scores of cars full of people, and hundreds on foot gathered.

The chairman for the evening was Rev. D. McTavish. Captain Jordan, in a few well-chosen words, expressed her appreciation at the attendance of so large an audience, and her thanks to the London contingent. A Scripture reading and an excellent rendering of "Comrades," was followed by the closing prayer by Rev. D. McTavish.—"Cend."

FORMER SOLDIERS LEAD

YORKVILLE (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Strafford, of the United States conducted the meetings on Sunday, August 17th. The comrades of the Corps were pleased to see them, and spoke of the happy times they had together when they were Soldiers of the Corps, before their transfer to the States. The Staff-Captain is now Financial Secretary for the Northern New Jersey Division.

Mrs. Strafford gave an inspiring Bible talk in the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning. In the praise meeting at 3 p.m. the Staff-Captain's subject was "Fruitful trees," which was very helpful. At 7 p.m. the meeting was of a high spiritual character. An impressive period in the night meeting occurred when Adjutant Pollock dedicated the baby of Brother and Sister Cocking. This was followed by a convincing Bible talk by the Staff-Captain. Two backsliders returned to the Fold.

SERGEANT-MAJORS' DAY

TWEED (Ensign Wood, Lieutenant Wilder)—In the absence of the Ensign who is on furlough, the meetings were led by our Sergeant-Majors. We started well on Friday, by going to one of our Outposts. Saturday was a profitable occasion, when we went to two more Outposts. God made us a great blessing to the fine crowds which gathered. They helped with the singing and were very attentive, while the Word of God was read.

On Sunday morning Young People's Sergeant-Major Sinclair spoke on "Seven Steps to Holiness," which was the means of drawing us nearer to God. The Sunday night meeting stirred our souls. Senior Sergeant-Major Rodgers spoke on "The way out of Bondage."

We were about to close our Prayer-meeting when a young man came forward. Two other persons followed his example.—"Dauntless."

HOME LEAGUERS' OUTING

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman)—On Wednesday, August 13th, the Toronto Temple Corps held their annual Home League picnic at the Island. About eighty-five Home League members and friends were there to enjoy the splendid things provided by Sister Mrs. Cox, the Home League Secretary, and her workers. The splendid spirit of comradeship, the ideal weather conditions and the pleasant surroundings were conducive to everyone's happiness. Mrs. Sergeant-Major Langdon was responsible for the races and certainly worked hard.—A. Payne.

TRAINING TO FIGHT

Do You want to give your life
for God and Souls?

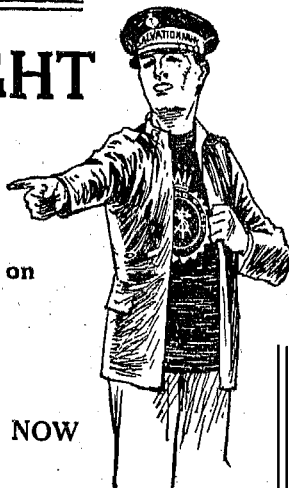
Our Next Training Session Commences on

SEPTEMBER 24th

THERE ARE A FEW VACANCIES. ACT NOW
AND ACT FOR ETERNITY

Apply to your Divisional Commander or write to the Candidates'

Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto



"Nearer, My God to Thee!"

The Dying Soldier finds Comfort in the Music of an Army Band—The Courageous Wife is Grateful when, for a Moment, the Band Recalls his Departing Spirit

THE flat roof of a certain deservedly-well-known Hospital for Ex-Servicemen, lay open to the sky—that golden sky so glorified by the setting sun as this particular Wednesday drew to its beautiful close. Such a long-drawn sunset, the radiant orb seemed reluctant to slip below the rim of the world. Up there on the roof they had the privilege of seeing the very last of him, for he was already beyond the ken of the dwellers on the five floors beneath. Those on the ground floor had long since lost him.

A company of Salvationist Bandsmen, assembled beneath the gorgeously-striped umbrella in the quadrangle, had found the blazing ball something of a nuisance, since it became difficult to follow the movements of the conductor, when he appeared only as a greenish-black silhouette against the tremendous background as of a universe on fire. When, once again, the musical director re-assumed normal human proportions and coloration in a setting which had been restored, and a somewhat pensively sad atmosphere now prevailed, they felt more comfortable and the playing improved accordingly.

Still, a glance at the upper windows discovered Old Sol's handiwork reflected on the shining window panes; those windows now thrown wide open; and on the brick-work which glowed rosily under the translucent pigments characteristically employed by the dying day.

Tapping the Tempo

Martial music had swept along the corridors, searching out every room and ward, and pain-weary heads had wagged in self-forgetfulness and toes had tapped the tempo of the tune—even toes no longer attached to their parent bodies took up the lilt of the swaying music, as is their nervous wont, so that not one or two of the "amp" cases surreptitiously looked or felt to verify the vacancy which now seemed to be doubtful.

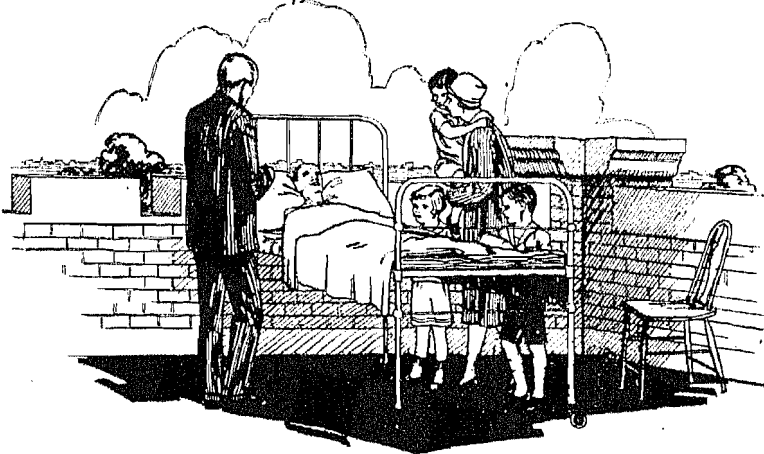
And Jim Follen, as brown as a

coffee berry, lay quietly in his cot in the far corner of the roof. Evidently the great painter of the sky had done his best; but he had failed to cure Jim's trouble; the most he could do, apparently, was to tan his skin to a deep mahogany hue. The damage which the war had done—the war of so long ago, and yet with so many sufferers still remaining in the world—was too deep for sun's rays; too far gone for the skilled surgeons even. So Jim lay there in his cot, supine, and not complaining. Nothing seemed to matter now—only peace—and quiet—and beauty—and rest.

Peace and Beauty

Can one reconcile peace, quiet, beauty and rest with the playing of The Army Band? Jim did. Jim's wife also. In the years to come the three children will realize something of that fitting music 'midst the peace, the quiet, the beauty of that hour. At the moment those little ones could only stare and wonder. There was no dramatization here—only drama, sheer, unaided, needing no aid. And it is customary to show children by means of frank pictures. This was a little too subtle for them, and it was well it should be so. But for Carlad—that was the name Jim always had given her—the scene was strangely blent. There were two or three ways of considering it.

Years ago when she had first met this young Welsh Soldier—he had not long arrived back in New Brunswick, to which province he had returned when the war had finished with him—he looked frail, but they both hoped that he would grow out of the disability left by that cruel gas which scourged the Canadians at Ypres. Instead the fight had been against him. Oh, but how nobly he had fought! Even since coming to the Hospital, so far from the little home from which



She
Drew
Her
Little
Ones
Within
Range
of
His
Vision

she had hurried with the children, on receiving the Chaplain's message, he had not failed to contest every step of the retirement, and though in his heart he knew he was losing all the way, yet he proved how game a soldier he was. "The sort that shows up best in a rear-guard action," as one of the surgeons had expressed it. Yes, and the medical men knew, for they had battled with Jim, shoulder to shoulder, and step by step, in this campaign for his life.

Here and there, if I may venture to change the figures, the manly padre had entered to weave a thread into the pattern of Jim's life, and that thread seemed now to dominate the whole scheme as the ends were about to be fastened off. And the surgeons were altogether out of the picture by this time.

Feeling their way through the air, with tender touch, came the sweetly-plaintive strains of an old ballad. Many who listened thought of the secular words; some knew the question which the Salvationists put when they play that tune. "Eternity!" they say, "Where will you spend Eternity?"

The Eyelids Closed

Jim's eyelids fell apart; the little woman gave thanks to God and quietly drew her children within the range of the weak man's vision. Slowly his eyes roved over the loved faces of the three wondering little ones. Long they stayed to photograph again the bravely-bridled features. Then, passing on, he sought out the padre and with a sidelong look indicated that he was listening to the music. Again the heavy eyelids drooped and, to the watching chaplain, it seemed they

had really closed for the last time.

The children sat down; the mother remained motionless, gazing upon the still, tanned face outlined so clearly against the white pillow. Again came the stealing strains from the Band below. The tune was changed. Following an appealing introduction there surged up, in tones mighty with assurance, a familiar hymn-tune. That music stayed the steps of the departing spirit. Once again Jim's eyes opened. How grateful his wife!

"Nearer to Thee!"

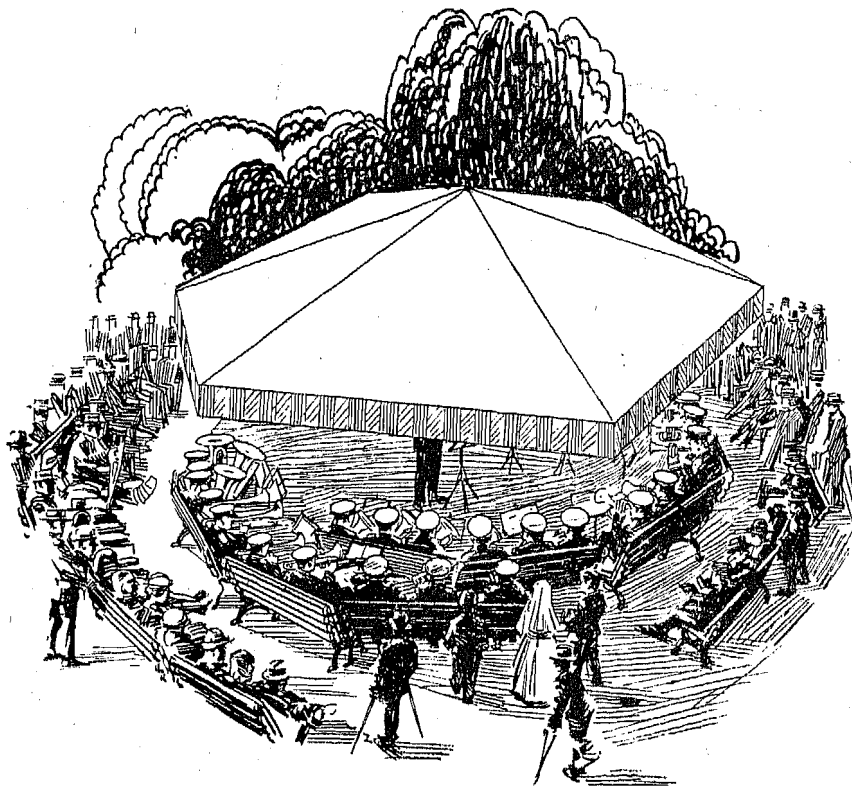
"My Jim," she whispered; 'twas all she dared speak. A wan smile rewarded her and then these words—"My carlad anwyll!" Turning his eyes to the padre he added: "That's good!—Nearer—my—God—to—Thee!" Then, pausing until the Band came to the conclusion of the statement, "Nearer—to Thee!"

Thus passed the spirit of Warrior Jim into the Presence of the King.

* * *

"There are one or two others with us here to-night," said the Chaplain, after telling the story of Jim, "who will hear no more music in this world. Yours is the last that will fall upon their ears, ere the harmonies of the skies delight their ravished senses!"

How happy and how honored are The Army Bandsmen who engage in this happy employment at every such great House of Pain. And this service, on a par with that which Salvationists render, in all parts of the world, according to necessity, is always offered in the name and for the sake of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these ye have done it unto Me!"—J.A.H.



A company of Salvationist Bandsmen assembled in the hospital quadrangle, beneath a gorgeous umbrella

INTERESTING ITEMS

Among the visitors to Territorial Headquarters of recent date were Colonel John Bond, Editor-in-Chief of the New York "War Cry," and known to many in this Territory as the former Editor of the Canada East "War Cry," and also Major Harry Otway, son of the late Colonel Otway, and a Divisional Commander in the Central United States Territory.

A daughter has arrived to brighten the home of Commandant and Mrs. A. Ritchie (R.)

We regret to learn that Mrs. Commandant Johnston of Hamilton II, has been obliged to enter the hospital for an operation. Pray for her.

Songster Sergeant Mrs. Gilchrist, of Danforth, who is spending a holiday in the Old Country, writes that she enjoyed, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a lengthy chat with Bandmaster George Marshall, who is well-known to our musical fraternity. She also "dropped in" for an unexpected treat when she attended a "Marshall" program given at the "Icehouse" Corps (Hull II), the occasion being the Band week-end, of which event Bandmaster and Mrs.

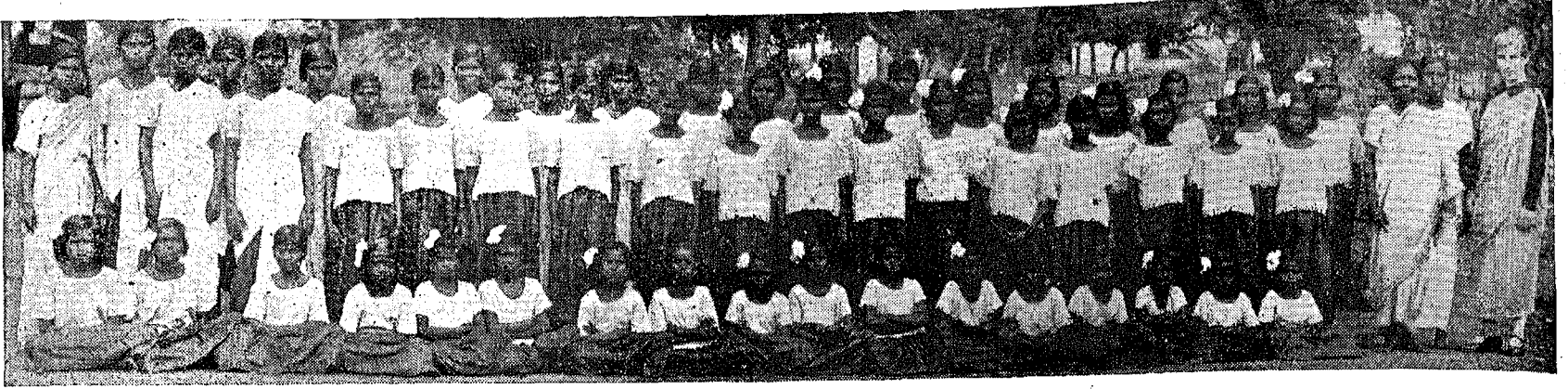
Marshall were happily in charge.

Again this year Earls Court Band (Major Fred Beer) headed the Warriors' Day Parade in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition.

The Secretary of the Owen Sound City Band writes "a word of appreciation" regarding the visit of the Temple Band to his town. "The influence of such rich musical feasts will," he adds, "remain with us for many a month. As Bandsmen we shall play better for the higher musical ideals which have been left with us."

Uxbridge Corps sends a pathetic "S.O.S." to "The War Cry," which they trust will be "picked up" by some benevolent comrade or comrades: "Would it be possible," runs the message, "to ask, through the columns of 'The War Cry,' if there is a Corps willing to donate an instrument or two—or more—to Uxbridge Corps in order that we may form a small Band? We have a number of players but instruments, alas, are conspicuous by their absence."

Will Uxbridge call in vain?



These girls, of the Industrial School, Nellore, South India, send "A big 'Thank You'" to "The War Cry" readers in Canada East, who sent them ribbons and handkerchiefs last Christmas. Adjutant Irene Brown, their Canadian Missionary Officer, says that all these girls, who are of criminal parentage, are members of the Sunbeam Brigade. They purchased and made their own uniforms at a cost of seventy-five cents each.

DURBAN DRUNKS' RAID

An Unusual Form of Attack Serves its Excellent Purpose

"The Durban Central Chronicle" is a weekly bulletin issued to the Corps comrades by Ensign Herbert Wood, of Durban, South Africa. One par of interest, which conveys an idea of The Army's efforts in this famous and historic seaside resort, concerns a Drunkards' Raid:

The Brigadier (Divisional Commander), the Ensign and three comrades sallied forth at 10 p.m. armed only with one cornet. Taking their stand in front of the "Vic" Hotel, the strains of "The Lion of Judah," soon smote the startled air, and a few surprised drunks came tumbling out onto the sidewalk. One of them joined raucously in the singing of the chorus and another, evidently a kind-hearted chap, passed around a bag of "sweets." After a song, a prayer and a testimony, an invitation was given the men to accompany us to the Hall and have a cup of hot coffee. They were not too willing to fall in with our request, but with a little gentle persuasion and a linking up of arms, away we straggled to the Hall. People standing on the sidewalk by the Post Office looked curiously as the motley group swept by. Arrived at the Hall, Mrs. Wood provided hot coffee, which the men appeared to enjoy. Followed a short but stirring meeting in which the Brigadier drove home some pointed truths and then gave an earnest invitation to the Mercy-seat. Two men responded and were thoroughly dealt with. Let us pray that they received a real change of heart.

DIVER'S DILEMMA

Visitor From the Gold Coast Marvels at Life's Inconsistencies

Salvationists travel all over the world. One, on his way to Africa, sends "The War Cry" this brief description of fellow travellers:

Mainly stout, good-natured folk who drink spirits, smoke, and gamble almost without ceasing, they include, besides a chief (who takes his meals in his cabin) a black man who eats in the saloon at the same time that we do, but alas, at a separate table!

Yet this worthy man is the only one in whose hands I have found a book about religion. It seems he is a Gold Coast diver who has retired from business after making a small fortune. His lodgings in London were in St. Martin's Lane, and he walked about the West End, sometimes till 2 a.m., watching and wondering. Once he went to a service in Westminster Abbey and found thirteen worshippers! He was growing cynical over such a people sending out missionaries to the blacks.

One national detail he had omitted to notice. It struck him all of a heap to learn that The Salvation Army consists of hundreds of thousands of people who are enthusiastic about

(Continued at foot of col. 4)

The Woman who Travelled Alone

Another Glimpse of The Army's Work Amongst The Seafarers in The Far North

A KUREYRI, the great northern port of Iceland, terminus of some of the steamer routes, and a busy place at all times of the year, possesses a Home so popular that it is always far too small for the number of people who seek accommodation there. During the month of November as many as thirty people have been turned away in two days. One lady, who called with two little children informed the Officer that some of her relations had advised her to stay at the Home and it had only been on that condition that she had been allowed to come on the journey without escort. Her appreciation and thanks when she found that although the Home was full the Officers would make room for her and the children by giving up their own room, will surely enhance the character and good name of The Army's "Guest-hus," in her village home many miles away.

This branch of Army activity has

the hearty approval and support of the Government of Iceland. The desire that a Home should be erected in every town has often been expressed, and the Government is willing to contribute grants for their erection, while the town councils and the county councils are offering to assist The Army in their upkeep for a long term of years.

These officials are anxious to assist in this because The Salvation Army will help them in their work of producing a good and clean nation. There has never been any difficulty in the conduct of Army Institutions, and the demon drink, which the Government is so anxious to keep outside the country, has never yet been smuggled into these homes and supplied surreptitiously. This, to those who know The Army, may sound unnecessary, but to the Government, struggling with many great and difficult problems, it is a source of strength and encouragement to know that there is a people who can be fully trusted.



A quartet of girls typical of Iceland's worker-women

THE ARMY AT THE FAIR : Amongst the People in Estonia

During a fair at Dorpat, Estonia, Ensign Granholm, the Corps Officer, secured the tenancy of a stall in the market, from which he sold Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels in Estonian, Russian, and German, with copies of

"The War Cry" in many languages.

As a result of his efforts strangers to The Army attended the Corps meetings. Amongst the recent seekers for Salvation is a young woman university student.

ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

Holland's Salvation Yacht to Visit Canalside Populations

The Army's latest acquisition in Holland is a forty-five ton motor-yacht which was recently dedicated by Lt.-Commissioner Vlas, the Territorial Commander, for the carrying of the news of Salvation to the cities and towns and villages on the Dutch canals.

The yacht carries a large tent and 250 folding chairs, is fitted with electric light apparatus, and has ample cabin accommodation.

The vessel lay in the canal in front of the Central Station, Amsterdam, for the dedication ceremony, which attracted a large crowd.

On its first Salvation voyage the yacht crossed the Zuyder Zee, with a crew of the skipper and his wife, two Army Captains, and six Lieutenants to conduct a campaign at Heveneren, in the north of Friesland. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Vlas accompanied for the opening week-end. On the Saturday night the first soul surrendered, and on Sunday, following a terrifying thunder-storm, a meeting in which there were eight seekers was held. Further news states that captures are being made every night.

Not only are the needs of the prisoners receiving special attention in Holland, but it has been arranged for The Army to take over a Home for Children at Apeldoorn, the charming township in close proximity to the Queen's summer residence. When the matter was brought before the Town Council twenty-two out of twenty-six members voted in favor of The Army taking over the Institution.

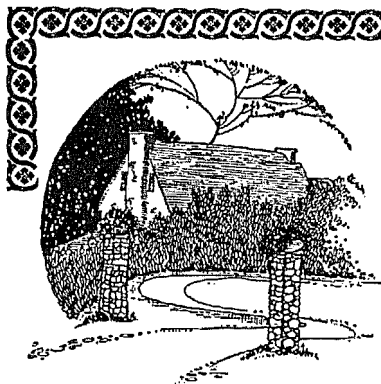
There is accommodation for twenty children. The Army assumed control on August 1st.

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ENTER-TAINED BY THE ARMY IN TRINIDAD

When Trinidad received a visit from a part of the U.S.A. fleet (writes Brigadier Walker, the General Secretary, West Indies East), a complement of 6,500 officers and men remained for ten days. Lt.-Colonel Twilley, the Territorial Commander, arranged for a part of the Headquarters to be fitted up with tables and chairs, refreshments were provided, and similar arrangements were made at the Sailors' Home.

Notices regarding these arrangements for the men were placed on the boats. The Sailors' Home was popular and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Condie were kept busy.

(Continued from column 1)
real religion and who don't drink or smoke. To-day he came to me eager for my address. It seems that, during the night, he had made up his mind "to write a book about this voyage," and he is already most anxious "to send me a copy."



WOMAN'S POINT of VIEW

A page for old women, middle-aged women and young women; for single women, married women and hope-to-be married women—in short, a page for all women!

GOD'S CARE FOR ANIMALS

By Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore (R)

"God remembered . . . every living thing, and all the cattle." (Gen. 8:1)

"Behold, I establish my covenant with . . . every living creature . . . of cattle . . . of every beast of the earth." (Gen. 9; 9 and 10.)

"And should I not spare Nineveh . . . wherein is much cattle?" (Jonah 4:11.)

In the references put forward, God's regard for the brute creation is graciously expressed. This is not a primary regard, but comes next to His regard for man, woman and child. In the last quotation a striking illustration of his love for little children is given. It says that there were 120 thousand "persons" who could not discern between their right and left hands. Then from their case, which was so helpless and appealing he refers to the cattle, as though to ask Jonah "Why should the innocent die?" Even the cattle should not die for the sins of Nineveh.

In the prophecy of Isaiah, chapter 11, he declares that in the new kingdom which God shall set up on earth "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

The knowledge of the Lord shall change the cruel natures of wild animals. We know that in the garden of Eden there were no fierce animals, but when the serpent was cursed, it was cursed "above all animals." So that, apparently, the animals, too, suffered under the curse of sin. But the nearer we approach unto the kingdom of grace, the more the animal world's condition is improved. It is Christian people who regard the life and happiness of the brute creation.

Our Lord showed this regard in the tender way he referred to the dumb creatures. The lost sheep, the ox, the ass, sparrows, carefully illustrating God's love for His children by the love we should give the creatures.

(Continued at foot of column 4)

The Scrub-Woman's Request

Famous Soprano Relates Occasion of Her Greatest Thrill

THE choir was waiting for the delayed organist. The great soprano was talking. She said, "I have sung before all the greatest folks in America. I sang before a company of titled folks from Europe who were visiting here in this country. But the greatest thrill I ever got in my life was singing before one lone woman, and she a scrub-woman." "Tell us about it," said the tenor. "We were getting ready for a great musical event, and had been in the church rehearsing. As I passed out on my way home the scrub-woman, with duster in hand, stopped and said, 'Lady, you sing so beautifully—I wonder if some day you will sing "Face to Face" for

me,—it isn't asking too much, is it, lady?' I told her I would be glad to do so some day. When I reached the doorstep something said to me, 'Do it now,' so I turned back. The organist was still there and I asked him to play Fanny Crosby's masterpiece. When the scrub-woman heard the strains of the organ on the familiar tune, she came into the church and sat on the very front seat with the duster in her lap, and her eyes intensely upon me with a strange light in them. I never felt so lifted up, for there, in that front seat sat the Lord Jesus Himself listening to me sing."

Mutual blessing flowed from that song.



Caledonian Market, North London, is a unique and fascinating rendezvous for visitors from this continent. In this odd corner one may purchase "anything from anywhere"—tires, old gold and silver, glassware, old clothes, boats, dogs, cats, pianos, organs, and a variety of other articles. The smart saleslady appears to be driving a successful bargain.

Take Care of Borrowed Books on Your Holidays

When you borrow a book from a friend or from the library to read while holidaying, you know how it tends to get grubby, so that you feel almost ashamed when you return it.

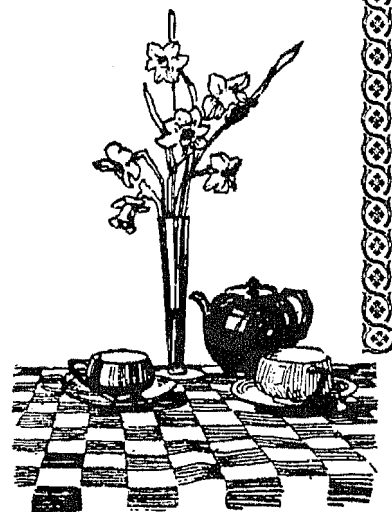
A good way to save this embarrassment is to keep on hand one or two linen covers.

Protective book covers are easy to make and they are worth bearing in mind among the more unusual—and certainly useful—ideas for presents.

You will require some American cloth and some stout, coarse linen in a serviceable length. One yard, 36 inches wide, will make six covers.

Measure your book starting from the edge of the left hand cover. Take your tape measure over the back and right round to the edge of the other side. Then measure from top to bottom. Apply these measurements to the American cloth when you cut it (American cloth is used as an interlining to make the cover waterproof).

Cut your linen by the American cloth, but allow half an inch top and bottom for turnings and at least two inches at each end. Turn the ends down singly half an inch on the wrong side and herringbone them. Turn the top and bottom edges down over the American cloth and stick them securely with a strong adhesive. Then turn the left hand end down over the American cloth and over-sew it along the top and bottom to make a little pocket for the left hand side of the cover to slip into. Fasten with small press studs.



THIS IS CANNING YEAR

THIS is by all means a canning year. When I say canning I refer not only to canning proper but to preserving, conserving, pickling, and jelly-making.

Fortunately, sugar is selling at as low a price as we have known since before the war, so that this particular ingredient does not need to cause us any financial worry.

See to it that you can some beans, beets, corn, and peas this year as well as your usual amount of berries and fruits.

The following steps should be followed in canning vegetables:

Clean the vegetables and pare if necessary.

Parboil or pre-cook as directed in the recipe.

Pack in sterilized jars. Those with glass tops and clamps are best.

Add salt and sugar, and hot water to fill jars.

Put new rubber rings in place; adjust tops but do not close them quite tight.

Place in steam pressure cooker and sterilize as long as specified in the recipe.

Remove from canner and seal tight at once. Place where a draft will not strike them while cooling.

Here are two excellent recipes for canning beets and corn:

CANNED BEANS

Use only young tender beets. Cut off the leaves but leave about three inches of the stem and all the root in order to prevent bleeding. Boil or steam for fifteen minutes. Remove skins and pack into hot jars. Cover with boiling water and add one teaspoon salt and one teaspoon sugar to each quart jar. Sterilize immediately for forty minutes at ten pounds pressure.

CANNED CORN

Remove husks and silk and cut from the cob. Pour on boiling water to cover and bring to the boil. Pack loosely in jars and add one teaspoon salt and one tablespoon sugar to each quart. Sterilize at once for eighty minutes at fifteen pounds pressure.—B.B.

PRESERVE FOR EARLY AUTUMN

Weigh small, half-ripe tomatoes and allow three-quarter pound sugar and one lemon to each pound of tomatoes. Slice the lemons thin and cook in water to cover until the skin is tender. Strain off the water and use with as much more water as is needed to make three-quarter cup liquid to each pound tomatoes. Cook with sugar five minutes. Add the tomatoes and slices of lemon, and cook until the tomatoes are transparent. Skim fruit into jars; boil the syrup until thick and pour over fruit.

(Continued from column 1)

It is most remarkable to witness the effect of this particular care upon the animals themselves. It is said that sheep only lie down when having a sense of perfect security and satisfaction. David implied this when he sang, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." But this illustration also he found in other than sheep. We were passing a field a few days ago where, just beyond the fence, a small herd of cows were all lying down. There were about eight in all. As we approached, one of them, seeing us, rose and stood looking at us with its soft liquid eyes. It was a beautiful young animal, about two years old, fat and sleek and clean, as, indeed, all of them were. It was remarkable that the rest of them did not stir, though it was a bright June morning, the time when one would expect they would want to feed upon the fresh juicy grass. But they had fed to their heart's content and were perfectly contented, satisfied, secure.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS: HOW I LOVE THEM!

*Little footsteps, how I love them!
Pattering through the house all day,
Mischief-making, playing, taking
Everything that comes your way.*

*Run to meet me, dimpling greet me,
Snuggle up to me so cosy.
Loving, cooing, sweet and wooing
Me to kiss those cheeks so rosy.*

*When life's dreary and I'm weary
And the day seems so dark and long,
Then my saddened soul is gladdened
With your prattle and lisping song.*

*Patter on, then on you patter,
Patter you on to grown-up-hood.
Then you'll leave me, how I'll grieve me;
And I'd keep you near if I could.*

*Stay Little footsteps
Play you on.*

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY
In Canada East & Newfoundland
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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paid.

All Editorial communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

CLAPTON CALLING

Has Any Memory of the Congress
Hall a Claim Upon You?

Do you recall the time you first
went to the Clapton Congress Hall?
Let's see, the meeting conducted by
the old General, wasn't it? A won-
derful night, that. Or was it when
somebody you knew was commis-
sioned—that bolsterous night of
hearty Salvationism? You know: in
the dear old Congress Hall at the top
of Linscott Road, Clapton.

Ah, that's stirred memories! They
are precious memories, too, aren't
they? You would not have missed
those marvellous occasions for any-
thing in the wide world, and you are
not the least bit ashamed of your
sentimentality about the old place.

Now, if you have reacted to the
foregoing, you will feel that the Gen-
eral's Appeal for £15,000 with which
to reconstruct the historic building,
opens an opportunity for "practical-
izing" these sentiments of yours. No
living man erected the original hall,
but hundreds of comrades may proud-
ly feel that they share the effort of
erecting the new Congress Hall and
making permanent a Salvation Land-
mark which is endeared to the hearts
of countless thousands.

Generous impulses die if neglected.
Send your donation to-day to the
General, 101 Queen Victoria Street,
London, E.C. 4, marked "Clapton
Congress Hall."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

When Lieut.-Colonel Rawle, the
Chief Secretary for the Dutch East
Indies, conducted a recent Prison
Meeting in Semarang, he had a mov-
ing experience. The Colonel writes:
"Upon entering the Hall I was met by
a man whom I had not seen for
twenty years! The last time we had
been together we had both been serv-
ing the same God and delighting in
proclaiming the news of Salvation.
Alas, he had grown weary of well do-
ing, and the Devil had seized him, and
after all these long years we met—in
prison. At first, words failed us!
But, praise God, we knelt together
while he prayed for forgiveness and
entered into the joy of reconciliation

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER AND MRS.
HAY

MOTOR CAMPAIGN IN MONTREAL
DIVISION

NAPANEE, Fri Sep 5
CORNWALL, Sat Sep 6
MONTREAL, Sun Sep 7
PRESCOTT, Mon Sep 8
BELLEVILLE, Tues Sep 9
TORONTO TEMPLE, Thurs Sep 18
(Graduation of Nurses of Women's
Hospital, Toronto)
HYGELA HALL, TORONTO, Wed Sep 24
(Welcome to Cadets)

Brigadier Byers: Burwash Prison Farm,
Sun Sep 14; Lippincott, Sun 21
Major Spooner: Toronto I, Mon Sep 8
Staff-Captain Ellery: Moncton, Sat Sep 6
8; Summerside, Fri 12; Charlottetown,
Sat Sun 14; Newcastle, Mon 15; Camp-
bellton, Tues 16; St. Stephen, Fri Sun
21.
Staff-Captain Riches: Amherst, Sat Sep
7; Moncton, Mon 8; St. John IV Sat Sun
14; Chatham, Fri 19; Newcastle, Sat
Sun 21; Campbellton, Mon 22; Dal-
housie, Tues 23



My Dear Comrades:

Before this can be read by the
majority of you, Mrs. Higgins and
I will be on board the **Edinburgh
Castle**, bound for South Africa.
Throughout the Union, as well as
in North and South Rhodesia,
heavy Campaigns are arranged
for us, and from the day we reach
Cape Town—September 1st—
until we leave the same port for
England on October 17th, our
time will be occupied with a thou-
sand demands affecting The
Army's work and its opportunities
in those vast areas.

For some reasons I would have
preferred visiting these more dis-
tant battle-fields at a little later
date; but, owing to the terrible
dislocation caused by the world
war the late General was unable to
fulfil his expressed desire to ex-
amine for himself the tremendous
opportunities which are presented
to The Army amongst the Native
peoples of Africa; so that it is
over twenty years since that land
was visited by The Army's Gen-
eral, which was when our Found-
er paid his second visit to the
country.

Since that time enormous de-
velopments and changes have
taken place, and the demand for
decisions in regard to various
phases of Army warfare and
progress is now so insistent that
I felt—as do those associated
with me in the work in Africa—that I cannot delay.

Seventy meetings have been
arranged for us, and we shall
travel over seven thousand miles
on the railroads of the country,
our itinerary taking us right up to
the Zambezi.

All Sections Unite

All concerned are striving to
make our visit a worthy and suc-
cessful one, from His Excellency
the Governor-General, the Earl
of Athlone (who presides at one
of our Johannesburg meetings),
to leading people of all sections of
the Governmental and religious
life of the various States, who are
participating in our gatherings.

Commissioner de Groot and his
Officers have already sent the
warmest expressions of welcome.
I ask my comrades in the Home-
land to pray that God will give
all needed strength and wisdom
to solve the problems which we
shall meet, and that we shall be

To the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army

*A Letter from the GENERAL on the Eve of Departure
for his Great South African Campaign*

able to take advantage of the
opportunities for helping and
blessing others which will be
given us. I trust that upon our
return I may be able to announce
definite plans for carrying The
Army Flag to parts of Africa not
yet entered by us.

Many interesting projects are
now on foot for advance in many
parts of the world. The rebuilding
of the dear old Congress Hall at
Clapton has aroused the keenest
interest everywhere; and we have
now decided upon the rebuilding
and enlargement of the Regent
Hall in Oxford Street, London, so
that we hope to have a Hall there
seating comfortably over 2,000
people. What remarkable his-
tories are associated with those
two buildings! What one could
write about them!

New Leper Colony

In India we have decided upon
an extension of our educational
work for the children of our own
people, and more Boarding
Schools will be available in the
next month or two. In Cochin
(one of the Native States of
India) we have just established a
new Leper Colony, which pro-
vides accommodation for 200
patients, with which to begin.

The recent Jubilee Congress in
the United States of America,
which the Commander conduct-
ed, was associated with the open-
ing of a fine new Headquarters,
and also a splendid Hall with ac-
commodation for over 2,000 in
New York City. Since then the
Commander has opened the
newly-erected Boarding Home
for Young Women, thus meeting
a long-felt need of that City, and
providing a clean Christian Home
for over 300 of its young women.

In France Commissioner Pey-
ron is pushing on with his great
"City of Refuge," and has al-
ready secured from the public
nearly six million francs towards
the project. Next year our com-
rades across the Channel will be
holding their Jubilee, and already
schemes are being evolved to
celebrate worthily so notable an
event, which, we hope, will in-
clude the erection of a new Train-
ing College and the securement in
the heart of Paris of a more suit-
able Central Hall.

In China, in spite of the disas-
trous civil war, steps are in hand
for the development of our edu-
cational and medical branches,
and I also hope for a wider
spread of our evangelical efforts.

In Switzerland we have secured
a site for a very important devel-
opment in the City of Geneva.
We are hoping to place upon the
land purchased not only a fine
Hall for this international centre,

but also a People's Palace to
meet the increasing need in this
direction.

And so I could go on—if time
and space permitted, but they do
not. It will, however, be a joy
to our comrades everywhere to
know that the blessing of God is
resting upon our Army in such a
manner as to permit its launching
out upon these and many other
schemes. Let us praise God for it
all!

The British Commissioner is
preparing for a great Campaign
during the winter. I hope to par-
ticipate in its launching by con-
ducting all-day meetings at the
Royal Albert Hall, London, on
the Thursday after our return
from South Africa. Then will
follow "Days of Power and
Glory" in many of the provincial
centres, and I am planning with
Mrs. Higgins to conduct such days
in Manchester, Nottingham, Ebbw
Vale, Cardiff, and Sunderland.

As you will have seen from last
week's "War Cry," I am asking
the Commissioners of the world
to meet me in Conference in Lon-
don on November 10th and fol-
lowing days. Some newspapers
have quite erroneously styled this
gathering as another meeting of
the High Council of The Army. I
need not say to "War Cry"
readers that it will be no such
thing. It will be the bringing to-
gether of our leading Officers to
consider ways and means by
which The Army shall become
more effective in all its service for
God and man, and how present-
day needs and conditions can be
better met. I am counting much
on these gatherings, and I believe
all the Commissioners are coming
together determined to make the
gatherings fruitful and of much
blessing to the whole world. From
the majority of them I have al-
ready received messages showing
how greatly they appreciate the
opportunity which the Council
will give.

"Let Us Determine"

I shall look eagerly for news of
your fights and triumphs whilst I
am engaged in doing all I can
to encourage the men and women
who labor so bravely and de-
votedly for Africa's Salvation.
Let all comrades determine afresh
that Jesus Christ shall have the
best of their powers, and reconse-
crate themselves to carrying out
the task which God has placed
in their hands.

I shall think of you and pray
for you and rely upon your con-
tinuing steadfast in the Faith.

Your affectionate General,
EDWARD J. HIGGINS.
International Headquarters,
August 12th, 1930.

COME AND SEE SOMETHING NEW

THE COMMISSIONER to Conduct Public Welcome to the New Cadets in the Hygeia Hall, Toronto

Sarah Binns told her Aunt Hannah that it was quite a new thing, in Toronto, though Uncle Alf had written from London to say they usually had something of the kind in England. Cousin Floss and Aunt Nell agreed that they had heard of it, though they had never actually been present to witness the proceedings. They proposed to make quite an effort to attend on this the first occasion. Brother Sellers, when he heard of this, opined that wild horses would not keep those two ladies away.

Actually it all began with Harry. He came rushing home from the Citadel bringing a copy of the latest "War Cry" with him. He was all excitement! "The new Cadets," said he, "are to be given a Public Welcome in Toronto! Think of that!"

That certainly was something to think about. Aunt Nell declared that she had often wondered why they only put the Cadets "on show" at the end — meaning the Commissioning. Wasn't it a wonderful thing, she wanted to know, that, without nine months' training up to it, young Harry should make up his mind to tear himself away from his family?

"You see, it's like this," she added; "they put them through all sorts of studies and exams, and that sort of thing to get them ready for Commissioning. The Colonel helps them and the Staff join in; the Sergeants take care of them and everything is done so as to bring them up to Commissioning. But it's a different matter going in. They do that on their own."

"Might as well make young Harry a Colonel right off, then," said Cousin Floss, "if he's that brave. Wish I'd the chance to go. Lectures, lessons, classes; nothing to do but learn the right way to do things. What a chance! If I'd taken it ten years ago I might have been a missionary now."

"Can't leave off pining, eh, Floss?" said Aunt Hannah. "Never mind, let's make sure we give these young folk a good send off. Will the Commissioner be there, you say?"

"Just as true as true," said Sarah Binns. "And all the Staff, too," said Aunt Nell. "And I heard that Mrs. Hay and the Chief Secretary, and Mrs. Henry will also be there. It will be a great night."

"Find your way to the Hygeia Hall, all right, Auntie?" asked Sarah.

"Hygeia Hall? That's on Elm Street, isn't it, just west of Yonge, down town? And it's on Wednesday evening, September 24th, eh? Well, we'll have a good crowd from our Corps. We'll all sit together and give a good shout for young Harry. In the meantime we must tell all the neighbors."

One thing that family conclave did not mention—the time! The meeting begins at eight o'clock.

Sympathy is extended to Major Chris. Sparks, whose mother passed away in Toronto, at a ripe old age, on August 25th.

Ensign May Rees, of the Finance Department, San Francisco Territorial Headquarters, is visiting Toronto after an absence of twelve years. The Ensign is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Samuel Rees, and a sister of Major Mrs. Watkinson, of Territorial Headquarters, and was formerly a Songster at Danforth Corps.

Sister Mrs. George Bradley of the Toronto Temple Corps wishes, through "The War Cry," to thank the many Officers, Soldiers and friends for their sympathy in the passing of her husband, Band Reservist George Bradley.

LAST MEETING OF THE SEASON COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY LEAD INSPIRING CLOSING SERVICE AT JACKSON'S POINT CAMP

THE meetings at Jackson's Point Camp were brought to a close for the season on Sunday last when the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay conducted the morning gathering in the Pavilion.

The elements were apparently in tune with the farewell occasion, for the skies wept bitterly during the night and the downpour was maintained until well into the day, so that the fond anticipations of a record-breaking crowd hardly materialized. Country roads are not at their best when coping with such a deluge and their consequent poor condition kept away many neighboring campers who had been planning to be present. But a surprisingly good company came through the rain-sweetened air to take part in what was an intimate "family worship" gathering.

With Staff-Captain Hay at the new organ which the Commissioner had provided for the Camp meetings, the singing went with a swing. Prominent in the vocal exercises were the treble voices of the "choir" of one hundred boys now enjoying a health-giving and joy-imparting memory session of two weeks as The Army's welcome

guests at the Fresh-Air Camp.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." So read the closing stanza of the song chosen at the opening, and the holiday-makers, with memories of glorious days of sunshine and joy and with the fresh aroma of the countryside to inspire us, felt that we had especial cause for gratitude to the Giver of every good thing. Staff-Captain Smith's petition, followed by the repetition, by the whole company, of the Lord's Prayer, brought blessing. There was no lack of variety in the meeting and the Commissioner made use of the material at hand. Staff-Captain Mundy was called upon for a solo. The words of a chorus he taught to the tune "Near the Cross" are well worth repeating:

Such a Friend, such a Friend,

Such a Friend as Jesus.

What a joy to have as Friend—

Such a Friend as Jesus;

A responsive reading from the New Testament preceded a talk by Mrs. Hay, who devoted her attention especially to the boys. Mrs. Hay well knows how to do this and she held

(Continued at foot of col. 4)

New Appointments

Affecting South America, Switzerland, London and Winnipeg

Lieut.-Colonel Allemand, who, with Mrs. Allemand, recently arrived in London from South America, has been appointed by the General to be Financial and Property Secretary for Switzerland and Italy.

The Colonel was born in Switzerland, but with his parents removed to South America, where he came in contact with The Army. He has served in that country for twenty-seven years, holding a number of important positions, the last one being that of Chief Secretary. Mrs. Allemand went out from England many years ago.

Our comrades have rendered loyal and appreciated service, and go to their new appointment with the confidence of their leaders.

The General has appointed Major Albert Dalziel, Secretary for Field Training (Men) at the William Booth Memorial Training College, to be Training College Principal for the Canada West Territory in succession to Lieut.-Colonel Gilbert Carter, recently appointed Territorial Commander for Ceylon.

The Major, who entered The Army's work from King's Cross, London, in 1913, has served as a Corps Officer and on Divisional work on the British Field. He has been engaged in training operations for some time and will be remembered by hundreds of Officers for his bracing, comradely outlook as well as for his musical abilities.

VETERAN OFFICER CALLED HOME

The passing occurred, at 1 a.m. on Monday, August 25th, in Toronto, of Commandant Lydia Dunster, a retired Officer of long and valued service. The end came peacefully after a considerable period of suffering, borne with fortitude. The Chief Secretary conducted the funeral at the Temple on Wednesday afternoon, August 26th, when deserving tribute was paid to the life and influence of this warrior of God.

A report of this service, together with a resume of her career will appear in our next issue.

(Continued from column 3)

the interest of her young hearers, as well as their elders, for that matter, with a story from her own long experience, this serving to convey some striking lessons which will be remembered for many a day.

Staff-Captain Hay, who has been in much demand in these gatherings, brought blessing to many hearts by her expressive solo, and the Commissioner, in a heart-to-heart talk, upheld Christ as the Fountain of life, the One who can make the powerless strong, yea, make even dead to live. "In Him *was* life, in Him *is* life, and in Him *will be* my life forevermore."

The Commissioner's words were as a light unto the path, as he sought to illumine the way for the young as well as the older ones among his listeners. His illustrations not only helped to woo the attention of the younger ones but proved most revealing. Lessons were learned and blessings carried away that will make this final gathering at the Camp a bright memory.

During the meeting the Commissioner publicly thanked Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr for their service in the interests of the children at the Fresh-Air Camp, and also Captain Bursey for so well caring for the big family of campers who have spent happy days at Jackson's Point this year.

There is rejoicing in the home of Captain and Mrs. Lorimer, of Montreal IV, a son having arrived on August 6th.

TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

at

TORONTO

Conducted by

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY

Assisted by

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Colonel Morehen,
Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin from Newfoundland

The Field and Social Officers of all Divisions, exclusive
of the Maritimes, will be present

A GRAND WELCOME

in the

MASSEY HALL

on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10

GREAT Y.P. DEMONSTRATION

in THE MASSEY HALL

on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11

A GLORIOUS

SALVATION SUNDAY

in the

MASSEY HALL

on

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12

RECORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL

at THE ARENA

on MONDAY, OCTOBER 13

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

OFFICERS' COUNCIL

STAFF COUNCIL

Pray for a Great Spiritual Baptism on All Attending

OUR NEW
SERIAL

MOTHER FLORENCE

The Story of a Valiant Soul

BY THE LATE ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLE

Brought up-to-date by "J."

Begin to Read Here

The story of Susan Nichols, oldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England, shows the father as a cruel man who treated wife and little ones with the utmost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist who strove to train her children according to the light she had received. Susan went into domestic service at the age of nine, enduring much hardship. When she was eighteen she married Robert Florence, a young man of the village. (Back numbers of "The War Cry" may be purchased so that readers may become thoroughly acquainted with the development of this interesting story of early-day Army life in the Old Country and in Canada.)

CHAPTER III
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MARRIED LIFE

SUSAN had lived up to all the light she had in her marriage. Robert Florence had fallen in love with her three years before, and she had



known it, but as she also knew him for an ungodly, though moral and steady young fellow, she would have nothing whatever to do with him except in the way of barest acquaintance. No beguiling friendship, or peace-destroying intimacy was allowed him; and Susan resolutely shunned him, and had all her companionship with the children of God.

Then Robert got converted amongst the Methodists, and the news came to Susan's ears. Shortly after, she dropped into his mother's cottage, and there sat Robert, with an altogether new look on his ruddy face.

"Ah, I heard you were converted," saluted the glad Susan.

"Praise the Lord, I am," was the convincing reply.

"Are you happy now?" pursued the future Salvationist.

"Oh, yes," said Robert, ardently. "I didn't think religion was as good as this, or I'd have been converted long since."

Susan then felt she must pray with him, and this was tremendously hard, for there sat his mother, stolid, unsympathising, and critical. But Susan was not yet accustomed to following her own feelings instead of the Spirit's leadings, so she invited him to pray forthwith.

They both knelt, and after vainly waiting for Robert to break the pause, Susan poured out her heart in simple words to God. What was her surprise, when she had finished, to hear him falteringly reading over a collect from the Prayer-book.

Not trusting the evidence of her ears, Susan opened her eyes and looked at him. It was not an effort of memory on Robert's part; but in his desperation he had snatched the book from the table to help himself out of this awkward predicament.

"Don't you know any different way of praying than that?" asked Susan, as soon as they were off their knees again. "It isn't reading out of a book, but just asking God for what we want, and thanking Him for it, and for what He does for us."

With this clear instruction, and much practice with his sweetheart, it was not long before Robert learned to pray. "Our courtin' was mostly prayin'" Susan used to say, when she was asked to recall those happy days.

"We had both to work so hard we couldn't meet often, and when we did, we told our experience and prayed more than anything. We'd never used to be sorry for that."

They would have had far less cause to be sorry if much praying had been the rule of their married life, but there were several things which stood ready to crowd much praying in the Florence family.

Mother-in-Law Maliciously Ugly

For one thing, time seemed lacking. Robert worked at shoe-making, earning twelve shillings (\$3.00) per week, and this sum did not cover all their needs. Susan tried to help with the shoes, but her efforts were such decided failures that she went back to her own business of washing, again working from six in the morning until nine at night for twenty-five cents a day and her board.

Robert's mother lived with them, but she was not fond of work, and Susan had her own bit of a house to take care of, after these long hours. So there really was not much time, and what little there was was passed rather unprofitably, for old Mrs. Florence's social and moral atmosphere was one on which it was difficult for a "mixed religion" to thrive. In plain English, her mother-in-law was maliciously ugly, and Susan had continual "fightings without" combining with the "fears within" of her carnal mind, to destroy the peace.

And as she said plaintively, "We never heard Holiness preached, and an up and down life got Robert wrong in his soul." His naturally high temper, worked on by his mother, rose again and again, till at last blows fell on his wife.

After four years, Susan's first baby was born, and when its short life ended, she refused in her heart to give it up to God, and so her peace was gone again. She went on in her chapel, as usual, but her soul was not right.

Then The Army Founder and The Army Mother came evangelising in their chapel—these were days long before The Army—and another fair day dawned for the Florence family. Mrs. Booth preached one Sunday on the text, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity," and spoke of people who were backsliders in heart, of the difference between real love and false, and the remedy for the latter.

Susan had some definite dealing with God at the end of that sermon, got right in her soul again, and then the wise woman who had helped her

to get right, helped her to keep so by setting her at once to work for souls.

We should have said that by this time Susan was living in the city of Leeds, Yorkshire, and she soon found plenty of opportunities for putting Mrs. Booth's advice into practice. She and another woman set to hunting for souls in the very worst part of the town. They invaded the houses of ill-fame, and got the girls away to the House of Mercy, and held meetings in the lodging-houses,



exactly as such work is done by The Army lassies to-day—singing, praying and speaking.

The Captive of Love

In one house their presence was objected to, but they kept on till a poor girl burst out crying. One man threatened, others cursed and swore, and Susan's companion, frightened, ran out. Susan followed, but once outside her heart smote her, and she turned. "Dare you go back again?" gasped the other.

"Yes, Jesus is with me, and I must get that girl," resolutely said Susan. She did get her. The man's hand, raised to throw a glass at her, dropped powerless, and the captive of love was carried triumphantly away. Years after Susan met the girl and found she was doing well.

The whole class went specialising at times. They held Open-air meetings, processions, and meetings in the chapel. Her husband was hand-in-glove with her and Susan's cup of joy ran over.

She had drifted from this successful satisfactory work for souls into temperance work, Susan could hardly explain, but so it was, that she got laboring to save men's bodies instead of their souls, for society instead of God, for time instead of eternity.

Susan went into business at this time and did very well. She made plenty of money, worked less than ever for God, and began to get cold in her soul again. "Money rolled in on me, and I thought I was good enough," was the way she looked at things.

Complacent Reflections

Bob tugged on for a while alone. He had a class of thirteen boys, as hard a lot of scapegraces as are often gathered into a mission class, and his object in life was their conversion. He added works to faith, praying,

visiting, and exhorting till the last lad was soundly converted.

Then, instead of hunting up another baker's dozen of tough cases, poor Bob followed his wife's example, and settled down to rest, and complacently reflect on what he had done for the Lord.

Two children were born in quick succession into the Florence household, and the parents had now another object to divert them from active religious work. To lay up money in large store just for yourself may be looked upon, from the Bible standpoint, with suspicion, but providing for your children appeared very praiseworthy to Robert and Susan, and they worked harder than ever.

A thought of the transitory nature of earthly riches might have crossed their minds when they presently failed in the furniture business, but they promptly put it aside, and began to work up a trade in fish with as much energy as they had displayed in the other.

For a while they thrived financially. Besides the shop in town, Bob presently got a cart, and extended their trade to the neighboring villages, and his grey donkey and ruddy face were presently known for miles around. Golden prospects gleamed just ahead, and who knew that the little Florences, now increased in number to four, might be called wealthy some day?

One fine morning, Bob went out with his cart as usual, but did not return at the wonted hour. Supper-time passed, the meal stood untasted on the table, and Susan looked and listened down the dark street, and paced an anxious beat about the little room. The children slept soundly in their cots, but there was no rest for Susan. Two o'clock came, three—at last day broke and she could bear it no longer. She left house and children



to care for themselves, and set off down the grey street where Bob's daily route ran.

(To be continued)

CANVAS OF LIFE

A background of God-consciousness should form the canvas upon which all life is painted. It should stand as the accompaniment to the song, as the sky to the moon and stars, as the verdure to the landscape. Few persons can conscientiously say they have no time for it. Fifteen minutes a day of intensive effort God-ward can change the whole complexion of life, raising it from weakness to power, from bondage to liberty.—Charles H. Brent.

FOLLOW THE BAND!

BY ALL MEANS, BUT—

DON'T FORGET—

THE SONGSTERS

AND WHAT OF THE MIRIAMS?



HINTS on TIMBREL PLAYING

By a Lover of the One-Time Valued Tambourine

I HAVE never seen any manual or book of instruction on the art of playing this useful and popular Salvation Army instrument; and that, I suppose, is why our timbrel players have to make rules of their own. A timbrel is a good and useful instrument, if properly used; but it is an intolerable nuisance when "played with."

The writer has had the pleasure of organizing a number of Timbrel Bands, from twelve to forty strong, the first of them being the first Band of the kind ever organized in Australia; and in the absence of any full or more complete instructions, he has ventured to give a few hints, which may be of service to those who play timbrels, or those Officers who are anxious to organize Timbrel Bands. In the first place, all the members of the Band should be dressed alike—in full uniform. This, of course, is not essential, but it adds greatly to the appearance and effect. A distinctive badge is an improvement also.

Play Properly

The timbrel should be held in the left hand, the top being held on a level with the mouth, not lower, a little higher, if anything. It should be held in a slightly slanting position in the direction of the body. The player should persevere in her determination to play properly. If another style has been got into, it may at first be a bit awkward to break out of it; but it will soon come easy and right.

The first exercise for the learner to master is the thumb beat. Run the tip of the thumb around the edge of the parchment in an upward direction, keeping time with the step or beat of the drum. The second exercise is called the elbow beat. Count one, two, three, and four, using the drum or march step for your time; the one, two, three should be the thumb beat, with the word "and" drop the timbrel quickly a little toward the elbow, bringing the elbow out to meet it; as soon as it has touched the timbrel drop the hand upon the parchment again, in time for the fourth beat. The elbow beat should be an after beat, coming in between the third and fourth step. This is repeated right through.

The next exercise is a "double elbow beat," which is only the elbow beat above described repeated twice. Exercise to the time of one, two, and three, and four, the thumb to take the first two beats, the elbow and hand the next two. A useful method is to play the elbow beat to the verses of songs, and the "double elbow beat" to the choruses. This, of course, only briefly describes one style of playing; there are endless changes and varieties of exercises, but the foregoing has a pretty effect when a lot are playing together, and is very easy to learn.

Care should be taken not to hold the timbrel too stiffly. A graceful and easy hold should be maintained. The great charm about a Timbrel Band is uniformity, for nothing can be much worse than to have people with timbrels, some in one hand and some in the other, each with her own

(Continued at foot of column 4)

THE MUSIC EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Review of its History, Work, and Scope of Influence

By the Editor of "The Bandsman and Songster"

(Continued from last week)

In addition to last week's list of regularly-published periodicals the Department is responsible for preparing extra musical works, both instrumental and vocal; it also arranges and edits songs and music for various other Army publications, amounting in the aggregate to something like fifty per annum. And sometimes it happens that these "extras" are larger in bulk and importance and occupy more time than do the ordinary tasks. A case in point is the recently published Band Tune-Book, which comprises in all seventeen separate books, of close upon one hundred pages each.

For interest's sake, those among us who have a flair for mathematics might like to try to compute the yards of music there are to be found in the Band Tune-Book. This one publication contains eighty-six pages of music, an average of eight staves being in each page, of six and a half inches width. Get the total for one book, and then multiply that by seventeen, in order to cover the parts. This calculation will at least provide an idea of the enormous amount of labor involved in the preparation of our beloved Band Tune-Book.

One Thousand Signs

It will surprise many to know that on one page alone of the Band Tune-Book there are to be found about 1,000 different musical signs, each one of which had to be separately committed to paper by hand, first in the original full score, then afterwards copied out in the form of separate instrumental parts, and later still carefully checked before the printing took place.

The whole lay-out of this publication (a monumental work)—the allocation of the tunes, the spacing and balance of the pages, all demanding expert knowledge—has been done by the Department, a fact that Army Bandsmen everywhere should recognize and gratefully acknowledge.

Included in the formidable list of special publications that have been issued since the war might be mentioned an entirely new edition of Instrumental Tutors, which were originally published in 1890. Also the Instruction Books for the English and Triumph Concertinas. And the following:

"Gems for Songsters," No. 1 (125 songs); 152 pages, published in 1922,

now in its sixth edition. "Gems for Songsters," No. 2 (150 songs); 185 pages, published in 1926. "The Salvation Soloist," No. 1 (270 songs); published in June, 1922; now in its sixth edition. A miniature edition is now available, published in January, 1929, already in its second edition. "The Salvation Soloist," No. 2 (300 songs); published in 1929. "Songs for Male Voices" (100 songs); published in 1922; now in its fourth edition. Collections of Harvest and Christmas songs, "Revival Songs," published in October, 1927; now in its third edition. "Oriental Music," published in 1923.

Services of Song; "Sowing and Reaping," published in 1920. "Life-Story of a Salvationist," published in 1922. "Nat Noakes," published in 1923. "From Bethany to Calvary," published in 1929. Young People's Albums; six of these have been published.

Instrumental Albums: No. 1—Four Quartets for two Cornets, Horn, and Euphonium; published in 1922. No. 4—Eight Quartets for Brass Instruments; published in 1923. No. 5—Sixteen Quartets for Cornets and Trombones; published in 1924. No. 6—Four Quartets for two Cornets, Horn, and Euphonium; published in 1922. No. 7—Four Quartets for Cornet, Horn, Baritone, and Euphonium; published in 1929. No. 8—Four Quartets for two Cornets and two Trombones; published in 1929. No. 9—Four Quartets for Trombones; published in 1929. No. 10—Twelve Solos for Cornet, with Pianoforte accompaniment; published in 1929.

Added to all these one must not overlook the advent of the two new series of Band Journals, which alone has trebled the ordinary work of the Department.

What a marvellous list! One, surely of which our Musical Department might well feel proud. Sometimes, we think, Lt.-Colonel Hawkes must be led to marvel that it has been possible of achievement. But it has been done, and one can truly add, very well done, too!

And the end of the productiveness of the Department is not by any means in sight; new chapters, so to speak, are being written week by week, to cope with the insatiable needs of our gigantic force of music-lovers in all parts of the globe.

(To be continued)

BAND ROOM CHAT

It is good to learn that, following a brief spell of relief from those taxing duties which fall to the lot of the chief executive Local Officer of an Army Band, Bandmaster William Walno is so far improved in health as to be at the front again, leading his Hamilton I comrades on to victory. May their progress be even more marked and blessed by God!

Bandmaster and Mrs. George Cobbett, of Windsor I, desire to express gratitude for the wonderful restoration of their two-year-old son and to thank the many friends who offered

prayer on the lad's behalf. Especially grateful are they to those who nursed the boy and to the Bandsmen who gave blood transfusions, namely—Eric Higgins, Frank Wade, Fred Camper, Bert Lowe and Bert Smith.

Deputy-Bandmaster W. G. Boyce was missing from his place among the West Toronto Bandsmen when they were busy with a recent Friday night engagement. He was a surprise absentee, but inquiry revealed that he was in hospital—supplying a blood transfusion to a sick patient.

HOW TO IMPROVE

A Few Points Towards More Effective Brigade Singing

SONGSTER Brigades occupy an important position and perform a very useful function in Salvation Army warfare, but, sometimes we are afraid they come far short of the "possible" in their efforts.

Many of our Bands have now reached a high level of efficiency, but, comparatively speaking, the same cannot be said of a large number of Songster Brigades—there is a sad lack of good singing. How can this state of things be remedied? First, of course, by the securing of better-trained voices, but we cannot dwell on this point, which is apparent. Instead we call attention to some of the flagrant faults in the singing of some Brigades and individuals, which, if obviated, would do much in the way of improvement.

Take, for instance, balance. How very seldom do we see or hear a Brigade with a proper balance of parts. Invariably we count the number of male and female voices in Brigades; in some cases the proportion is six men to twenty women, eight or ten men to twenty-five women, and so on. The result is that, to be heard, the tenor and bass must sing *ff* when the treble and alto are singing *mf*. A correct balance would remedy this.

This brings us to the next point, which is *pp* singing. Many singers when they attempt this get out of tune, but this, with practice, can be avoided. Right production of note must be sought for. This is the secret: if once grasped the result would be surprising. Try singing high notes *pp*, and graduate downwards, keeping them at same mark; and improvement in this matter will soon be both noticeable and pleasing.

Slurring and Shouting

Another point to watch is that of slurring. For example: The piece being sung has an interval of a third—say—E to C, or C to A, or vice versa; now, some singers touch on all the notes in between, producing the same result as that of a trombonist when he shifts from one position to another and continues blowing.

We listened recently to a good Brigade, and it had some splendid sopranos in it, but the general effect was spoiled by slurring and shouting of the top notes.

Another deterrent to good singing is what might be termed the sentimental effort. We strongly believe in infusing expression and feeling into our singing, but this effort can and should be obtained without sentimentality. The words, every one of them, should be cleanly attacked and released, and there should not be the running of one word into another. We do not wish to reiterate, but how ludicrous it is to hear such as this: "Thee yangel of the lor dencamp-eth," etc., and so on *ad infinitum*.

(To be continued)

(Continued from column 1)
position and style of playing. It requires practice to obtain proficiency in the art of playing a timbrel properly, but it is worth the trouble. [If any readers can add to the hints on timbrel playing given above, our columns are open for a paper on the subject.—Ed.]

DURING the summer of 1896 I was one of the crew of the "Salvationist," a schooner so named because of her ownership and purpose. We had toured the northern part of our island home, and four hundred, or five hundred miles of the Labrador coast, seeking to help and bless the souls of the folk who resorted there for the fishing season. On our way back, at the end of the summer, we called at several places along the Newfoundland coast where Corps were established, to take on board the Officers who desired passage to the Congress, which was about to be held at St. John's. One of these ports was Bonavista.

Now this place, so far as the harbor is concerned, is but little more than a broad bight, open almost entirely to the ocean, from about northwest to northeast, from which direction come the fiercest and most destructive gales that blow on that side of the island. A foul breeze from the east was blowing the evening we dropped anchor, but as that wind was off shore we had smooth water, and spent a tolerable night.

At daybreak next morning, however, just what every Newfoundland seaman has learned to expect and fear, after such a wind, happened. The easterly breeze gave way, and with the ferocity of a tiger, sprang upon us. Some of us had met with storms on and about that coast before, but seldom, if ever, one so desperate as this.

Our ship, in full compliance with shipping laws, was well equipped with tackle, all being, so far as could be seen, A. 1. We were also experienced seamen, and knew pretty well what best to do with a ship under any given circumstance. Out, therefore, went our remaining anchor. On this and its fellow depended not only the safety of our ship, but also of our lives, so far as we could see.

Imagine the anxiety of our minds as we watched our cables straining under the pressure of the gale, with the roaring seas dashing madly over the jagged rocks but a few hundred yards under our lee. But imagine, further, how much that anxiety was

WITH TIGERISH FEROCITY

Lessons Learned in a Newfoundland Gale, when a Treacherous Anchor Slipped Hold

increased when, suddenly, we found that one of our two anchors was not holding. The reason we could not discover, much less remedy in such a storm. Our hope now lay in the strength of the remaining one. Would it hold? Would the cable stand the strain now being put upon it? A few minutes at the mercy of such terrible breakers would smash our craft to kindling wood, and leave our escape hopeless.

Hundreds of brave and kindly people watched us from the shore, all eager to help, but powerless to do so. I seem to see our boat now, like an animated thing, hanging on for dear life, with the spray dashing over her as she split the billows with her bows, while the wind, like another living thing, and, as it were, bent on her destruction, kept tearing at us and roaring by; each hour seemed of double length. Would the anchor hold? Would it hold? It did!

The gale, having at last spent its fury, gave up, and soon those horny-handed, but kindly-hearted, men who had so eagerly watched for the opportunity, had transferred both passengers and crew to their firesides. We were safe!

Memories of that terrible experience are still fresh in my mind, and will not soon be forgotten. But our ship in that storm is a good reminder of the awful temptations that blow upon the child of God. How violent are the assaults of the devil; how sudden his attacks! Does not the Scripture speak of the enemy coming in "like a flood." Think of our Lord, when at the end of a forty-day fast, tempted to command "these stones to

be made bread," thus proving Himself to be the Son of God, and satisfying His hunger at the same time. How subtle! How fierce! Think of Job, suddenly deprived of all that he had, and left in the hand of the devil, who "smote him with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," and, as if that was not enough, his wife urging him to "curse God and die." Think of Paul with his "thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him." And no child of God ever was exempt, nor can be, though perhaps not all are tried to the same degree. God in His wisdom, yes, and in His love, has ordered it so. "But He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

I cannot think of that experience, or gale, without being reminded of the false and worthless hopes on which, alas, so many depend. To defective eyes they "seem right" and safe, but, like our anchor, they give way under the strain of the storm, and leave the soul adrift.

Blessed be God, our trustworthy anchor, Who alone held our ship in the storm, and kept us safe, He was that "anchor of the soul," spoken of in the text. "It is both sure and steadfast."

"Fixed on this ground will I remain, Though my heart fail and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain, When earth's foundations melt away;

Mercy's full power I then shall prove, Loved with an everlasting love."

—Com'd't. M. Burry.

VISITORS FROM JAPAN

National Costume of Cherry Blossom Land Attracts Attention

TORONTO I (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)—Interesting services were held at Toronto I on Sunday last. The Holiness meeting was under the direction of the Corps Officers, when Lt. Colonel McAmmond was an unexpected, but very welcome visitor. The Colonel spoke helpfully to the comrades. The Bible address was given by Mrs. Ensign Gage.

A number of Local Officers and Soldiers took part in the Praise meeting which was guided by Ensign Gage.

Ensign Kenneth Barr, accompanied by his little daughter, was the leader of the evening service. The Ensign has recently returned from Japan, and this meeting, when a well-filled Hall greeted him, was eagerly anticipated. Little Laura, attired in Japanese costume, attracted considerable attention. The Ensign delivered a most interesting address, drawing many illustrations from his life and work in Japan.

UNCEREMONIOUS STIR-UP

FOREST (Captain Spicer, Lieut. Haskell)—The tranquillity of the town of Forest was unceremoniously disturbed on Sunday evening when a number of furloughing Officers made their appearance on the streets. They included Mrs. Major Best, Capt. and Mrs. Wright from Plymouth, Mich.; Capt. and Mrs. Wright from Wingham. These comrades proved that they were not on rest concerning spiritual things.

After a short interesting service, piloted by Capt. W. Wright, we went out to bombard the people on the Main street. Here and there our friends were noticed joining in the well-known hymns.

We also appreciated the visit of some Galt comrades, who did splendid work over the week-end.

FILLING THE BREACH

ROWNTREE (Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)—On Sunday we had with us Brother and Sister Turner, of West Toronto. We had a splendid day and at the close of the night meeting one dear sister, who had been away from God for a number of years, returned to the Fold. In the absence of our Officers, Brother Coomber, of Earls Court, an old-timer from Rowntree, has wonderfully helped us.—E.M.

COUNTY TOWN AROUSED

WHITBY (Capt. Kelly, Lieut. Wilson)—On Sunday, Aug. 17th, nine Bandsmen from Riverdale and East Toronto, visited us for a day's fighting. Their music, solos and testimony at the morning Jail service were enjoyed. During this busy day six Open-Airs were held and a large district covered by the marches, the playing being much appreciated and spoken of highly. Brother Walters took the lessons in a bright, earnest manner.—S.M.

RALLY TO THE COLORS

CLINTON (Captain and Mrs. Ward)—While our Officer was on furlough, the Soldiers rallied to the colors, the Corps Cadets being in charge of the meetings during one week. We appreciated the specials each week-end in the persons of Ensign Brewer, Envoy Vanderheiden and Captain Geiger.

Our Officers, Captain and Mrs. Ward were welcomed at a reception prepared by the Soldiers of the Corps. A number of Army friends were present to meet them. Y.P.S.M. Phebe Bolton and Treasurer Livermore spoke words of welcome, after which Captain and Mrs. Ward responded.—P.B.

NEW GLASGOW (Ensign and Mrs. Mills)—In the absence of our Corps Officers our week-end meetings were conducted by Lieutenant Carter from St. John II, who has been here on furlough. The Lieutenant's message proved of much help and blessing. One person surrendered at night.—A.W.

DROWNING THE SPECIAL "WAR CRY"

DOES that title sound a bit ominous? Well, once in a while it has been our happy experience to be deluged by correspondence containing news items, stories and photographs showing The Army at work. But the fact we have now to present is of quite another order.

We learn with great regret that the entire Newfoundland consignment of the special Congress number of "The War Cry" was lost in the wreck of the "Caribou." That this particular issue should be the subject of the involuntary immersion and repulsing at the mercy of the waves which wash the shores of the Island Dominion, is all the more unfortunate, since we had devoted more than 50 per cent. of that issue to letter-press and pictures descriptive of the Newfoundland Congress, and it was anticipated that such publicity would do much to add to the people's knowledge regarding the work of the Organisation.

As a matter of fact only a few copies, which caught an earlier mail, reached Newfoundland safely.

NEW LEADERS INSTALLED

DEER LAKE, Nfld. (Commandant and Mrs. Oake)—We have extended a welcome to our newly-appointed leaders, who have spent twenty-three years as Officers in this great Army of our Lord. They have been in many battles and they come to us with a ripe experience and full of love and zeal for God and souls.

A number of specials have been with us lately—Ensign and Mrs. Wight, Ensign and Mrs. Jones, the latter person being the daughter of Commandant and Mrs. Oakes.—C. S.-M. H. Dicks.

THE GLORIOUS CONGRESS

FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 27 to 30 (Inclusive)

conducted by

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay

assisted by

Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Colonel Morehen, and Colonel Adby

The Entire Divisional, Field and Social Officers of the Maritime Province will be Present

SATURDAY, 27 : GREAT WELCOME at THE CITADEL
SUNDAY, 28 THREE GRAND GATHERINGS in the GARRICK THEATRE
Every Salvationist on the East Coast is urged to attend

11 a.m. : HOLINESS MEETING
3 p.m. : Lecture: "THE FUTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY"
Chairman, The Hon. G. S. Harrington
7 p.m. : SALVATION MEETING
3 p.m. MONDAY - UNITED HOME LEAGUE MEETING in THE CITADEL
Leader MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY
8 p.m. : SOLDIERS AND EX-SOLDIERS GATHERING

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

August 20th, 1930.

This is a Summer that calls for the Life-Saver's quality of Pleasantness Under All Circumstances! Salvationists are returning from their holidays in all parts of the country, bravely relating tales of picnics in the rain and Mackintosh expeditions. Those who are keeping their noses to the grindstone while others go away, find considerable satisfaction in the thought that as there *must* be some sunshine before the Winter, they will possibly enjoy it on their belated holidays. The Headquarters staff are greatly depleted. Kneedrills every noonday grow more sparse. The official concertinist is now away, but other musicians step in and yesterday the gallant remainder sent the strains of "Sweet chiming Christmas Bells" up and down the staircases, just as a reminder that overcoats will soon be in fashion again.

THE GENERAL'S DEPARTURE

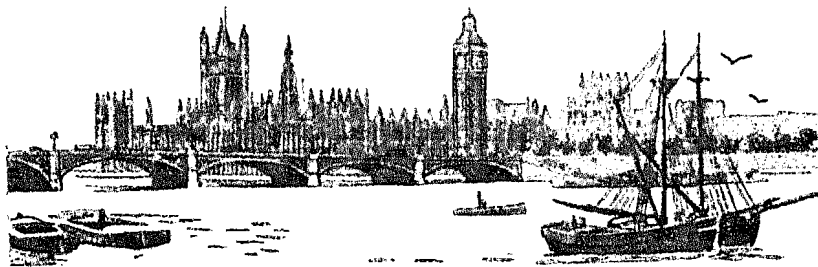
The biggest event of this week is the General's departure, with Mrs. Higgins, for South Africa. Although there has not so far been a great deal said about the Campaign, prayerful interest prevails everywhere. The "Edinburgh Castle" will be followed by many prayers when she slips down Southampton Water on Friday. So far as those left behind are concerned, the most important aspect of the farewell is the General's letter in "The War Cry," printed to-day. In it he surveys a splendid list of new projects and advances in many parts of the world. France, Holland, America, China and Switzerland are mentioned in addition to South Africa and the new schemes for the Old Country.

TWO RECONSTRUCTION

SCHEMES

On top of the announcement that the Clapton Congress Hall is to be rebuilt, the General now states that there are similar plans afoot for the

Our London Outlook



Regent Hall, on the other side of the city. The two most famous Army Halls in London are therefore to begin life afresh. It is doubtful if there is a building anywhere around which more stories gather than the Regent Hall on Oxford Street. The world of fashion and wealth swirls past its doors and all manner of people call in to see The Army. Rumors of the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the shadows of the gallery have more than once been set afoot. Observers and celebrities from all over the world have certainly sat in its box-like auditorium. And who has not heard of Bandmaster Twitchen and the Regent Hall Band? Canadian readers with memories of his tour across the Dominion will be glad to learn that he is still hitting top C's and performing marvellous musical gymnastics, as adroitly and as comradely as ever.

ANOTHER FINE GIFT

So we are giving Canada another Training Principal! Major Albert Dalziel who goes to Winnipeg as the trainer of Army Cadets will leave a big hole in the life of the William Booth Memorial College in Denmark Hill. He is a man's man, capable of inspiring youth and very versatile. Almost anything from leading a prayer-meeting to capturing a popular tune and dressing it in Army clothes is taken "in his stride." We hear that

the Major is delighted with his opportunity. He will suit Canada to a T.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S WIDOW

One of the most charming acknowledgments recently received by The Army has come from Lady Davidson, wife of Lord Davidson, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury. The General telegraphed The Army's condolences and assurances of prayer when His Grace recently passed peacefully away and Lady Davidson has replied: "May I ask you to accept for yourself and convey to members of The Salvation Army my most grateful thanks for the very moving telegram of sympathy which you have sent me.

"Such messages are of real support to me just now and I am deeply touched by the words which you have used about the Archbishop. I need hardly say how deep was his interest in your work, and I am sure that it would be a satisfaction to him to know that you are thinking of me now."

INVADING OXFORD

There is a possibility of a Men's Social Institution being opened at Oxford, the great University city. While it may not be true that penniless undergraduates will be glad to take advantage of the facilities offered, it is almost certain that some of the stu-

dents will be glad of the chance of studying social problems from The Army's viewpoint. There are many eager students of sociology amongst university men in these days of economic pressure and awakening political consciousness.

NO SUSPENSION

The correspondent who to-day writes "The revival at our Corps is suspended until the Officer returns from furlough," is not representative. This is the month in which thousands of British Salvationists enjoy the experience of "carrying on" in the absence of Corps Officers who are away for their annual holiday. Bands, Songster Brigades, Young People's Bands and other sections are assuming responsibility for the meetings, and are unearthing talent of varying degree. At these times the Officers often discover unsuspected affection for themselves in the hearts of their Soldiers. People of these islands are not too demonstrative, but by means of letters to the Officers while he or she is away and of other simple, but touching actions they can sometimes show how they feel.

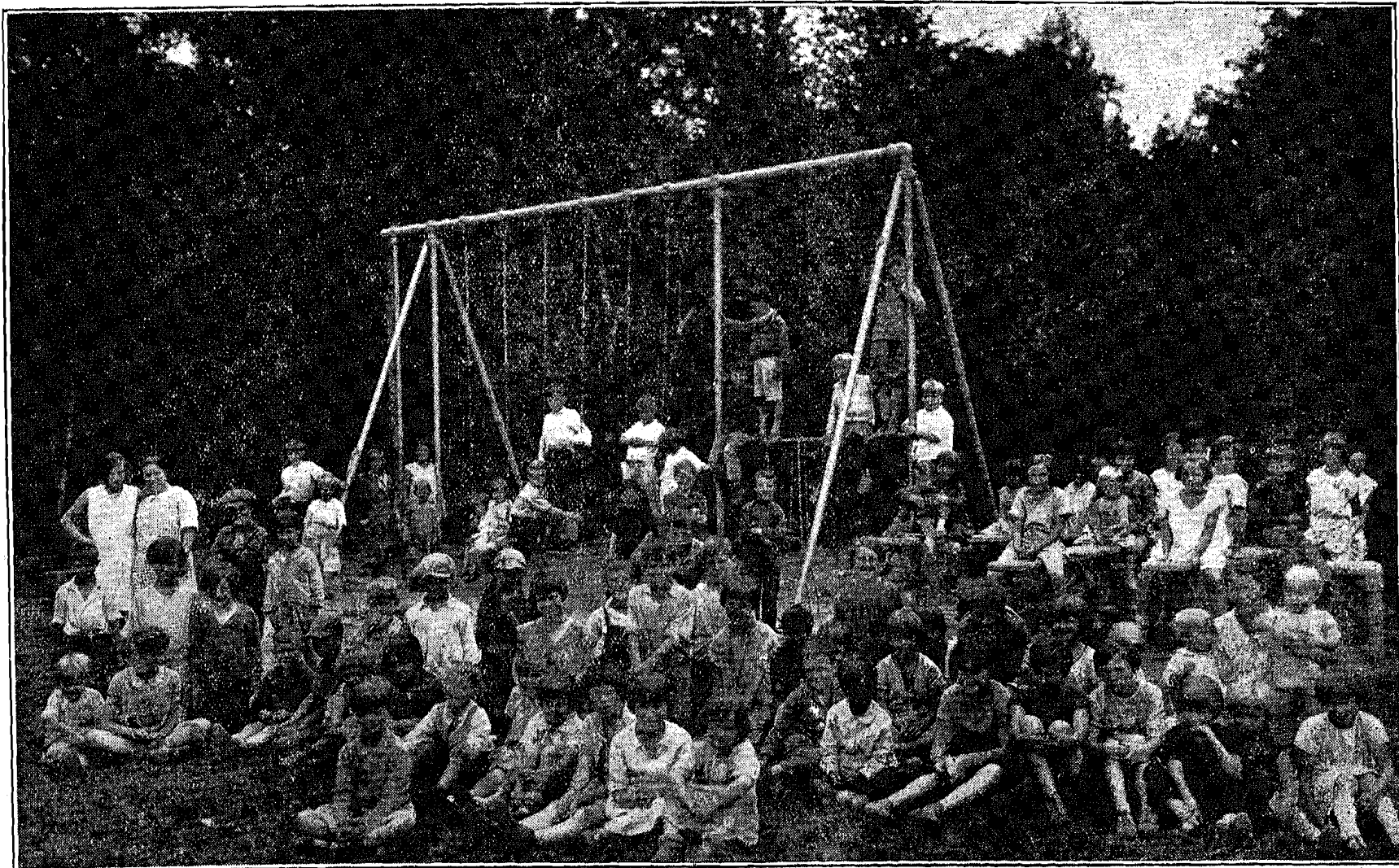
THE REAL ARMY!

Now and again we come across a story that reveals where lies the real strength of The Army. Grannie Stone, of Kettering, in spite of her eighty-three years has for long gone out each Friday afternoon to supply "The War Cry" to a small round of customers in the town, and on Saturday mornings to take a six-mile bus journey in order to serve other customers. Many times she has missed the bus home and has had to walk, reaching Kettering very tired but extremely happy.

"Last week she was taken to the hospital, and her first words to the Officer who visited her, were, 'Ensign, pray with me, and do please see that my people get 'The War Cry.' I will see them all when I come out.'"

—THE SALVATIONIST LONDONER.

Joy of 1930 for Many Toronto Children—JACKSON'S!



Memory-making, and happy every time, have been the periods spent in the Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

WHEELER, Alfred—Born in Hastings, England. Missing twenty years. Age about 63 years. When last heard of lived somewhere in Ontario. Only sister is anxious to locate him. 17037

BRETT, Frederick—When last heard of he was living in Port Arthur. Mother very anxious to locate. 17887

ROBINSON, Richard — Height about 5 ft. 6 ins.; 150 pounds, dark complexion; blue eyes. Last heard of in Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Anyone knowing present whereabouts please communicate with The Salvation Army. 17918

GRIFFIN, Claude—Formerly worked for Mr. Gurneau, in Repentigny. Send his address to Mrs. Dorey, 1133 St. George Street, Montreal. 18020

HOLE, Francis Thomas — Age 56; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; brown hair; grey eyes; pale complexion. Goes by the name of Frank. Last heard of 1916. Born in Bristol; occupation, traveller; last known address was in Ontario. 1803

EVENDEN, J. A. — Last heard of in Montreal at the General Post. His whereabouts urgently sought. 18065

McDERMOTT, James—Age 30; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; 140 lbs.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; born in Edinburgh. Scar on knee. Religious denomination, Roman Catholic. 18085

DOMMELEN, Jan Van — Born April 2nd, 1891. Dutch. Last known address, 210 Carlton Street, Toronto. Wife, in Holland, very anxious to hear from him. 18137

HANNAH, John — Age 40; tall; dark wavy hair, turning grey; blue eyes; grocery clerk by occupation. Last heard of in Schumacher, Ontario. Please write. Wife worried over his silence. 18140

NOBLE, Mr. — Age 59; height 5 ft. 7½ ins.; light hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Painter and paperhanger by trade. Brother, living in Gainsborough, very anxious to get in touch with him. 18154

GREENBAUM, Harry Louis — Born Hempstead, London, England. Thought to be about 84 years of age. Last heard of seventeen years ago. Father, Lazarus H. Greenbaum, died New York City, January 25th, 1930. It will be to the son's interest to communicate J. F. Rinisland, 315 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, New York, or Salvation Army, Toronto. 18167

LILLEY, Albert Scott—Last heard of three years ago; was supposed to have lived in St. Catharines, Ontario. 18169

BORGAN, Thorvald — Age 47 years; average height; blonde; blue eyes. Last heard of in 1924. Born in Lier, Norway. Single. Mother very anxious for news. 18177

BREAU, John S. — Dark complexion; hazel eyes; black hair; grey at sides; lump over right eye. Age 54; height 5 ft. 4½ ins.; 152 lbs. Left Fredericton about two months ago. Wife anxious for news. 18178

BEQUET, Victor—Born in Belgium, April 29th, 1890; designer by occupation. Left home to go to office February 6th, last, but never returned. Parents and wife anxious for news. 18180

FRITZ, William—Age 37; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; 165 lbs.; black hair; grey eyes. Left hand crippled. Left home, Barnes Mills, Ohio, June 17th, 1930, to seek work. Believed to have gone to wheat fields in Canada. Wife and parents very anxious to communicate. 18186

MOVEY, Thomas Palmer — Age 36; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; 135 lbs.; brown hair; blue eyes; ruddy complexion. Born in Glasgow, Scotland. Butterfly tattooed on right arm, under elbow. Missing five years. 18189

KNOPELI, Ernest — Blue eyes; fair hair; occupation, cook. Left his home November, 1927, and thought to have come to Canada. 18201

RATCLIFF — Age 54; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; fair complexion; brown hair; weight 150 lbs. Missing since December 25th, 1929, from Brantford, Ont. Watchman for the School for the Blind. Wife enquiring. 18034

MILNER, Nugent — Aubrey Milner wishes to locate his brother, Nugent Milner, who played in The Salvation Army Band at Chatham, Ont., about thirty years ago. Will pay a reward of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) for information which will lead to locating him. Address Aubrey Milner, 309 Travis Building, San Antonio, Texas, or The Salvation Army, Toronto, Ont. 18088

SABEN, Leslie W. — Native of Shelburne Nova Scotia. World War veteran. Last heard from in the Fall of 1920, when working for the Hartford Rubber Company, Hartford, Conn. Thought to (Continued in column 4)

Be Prepared!

MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT; THE CHILL WINDS OF FALL AND WINTER ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER. BE PREPARED FOR THEM BY WEARING ONE OF OUR "FAMOUS" COATS

PRICES AND SAMPLES OF MATERIAL FORWARDED ON APPLICATION

THE INTERNATIONAL STAFF BAND AND SALVATIONIST PUBLISHING AND SUPPLIES BAND

HAVE PRODUCED SOME SPLENDID GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. IT IS A TREAT TO LISTEN TO THEM



1—"The Liberator," March (Marshall); "The Flag of Freedom," March (Coles).

2—"Banner of Liberty," Selection (Goldsmith), in two parts.

3—"In the Firing Line," March (Coles); "A Crown of Peace" (Goldsmith).

Price, \$1.10 each, postpaid.

These are Recorded by the International Staff Band

BOOKS YOU WILL READ WITH PROFIT

SPECIAL—JUST ARRIVED

A splendid tonic after a strenuous holiday. A set of Salvation Army Miniature Biographies, consisting of the following:—

- No. 1. "The Prisoner's Friend"—James Barker.
2. "A Japanese Lady"—Kiye Yamamuro.
3. "The Saved Railway Guard"—Commissioner James Dowdle.
4. "A Girl Collegiate"—Elizabeth Swift Brengle.
5. "The Black Prince"—Brigadier William Bennett.
6. "A Swedish Warrior"—Hannah Ouchterlony.
7. "Drunkard and Soul-Saver"—Jack Stoker.
8. "Friend of the Poor"—Mrs. Colonel Barker.
9. "From Bush Boy to Preacher"—Colonel John Dean.
10. "Given for India"—Catherine Bannister.
11. "A Salvation Army David"—Lt.-Colonel Thomas.
12. "From Pontypool to Peking"—Commissioner Francis Pearce.

The Volumes are contained in a neat, well-bound case. Price, \$1.20 postpaid, complete set.

SPECIAL FOR CORPS CADETS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORKERS
—"HELPS TO DIRECTORY," 30c. POSTAGE 3c. EXTRA

We can secure any Book—Spiritual, Devotional, or Educational—by any author or publisher. Be sure and let us know your requirements and we will gladly avail ourselves of the privilege of serving you.

Send your order to

THE TRADE SECRETARY, 20 Albert Street, Toronto

Now for a Good Sing!

SHOWERS OF BLESSING

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let Thy power descend on me—
Even me.

Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,
Make me feel and make me see
Send the burning, cleansing fire,
Now show forth Thy power in me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

I have long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee;
Long the world my heart's been keep-
ing,
Oh, forgive and rescue me—
Even me.

DEAR LORD, AND CAN IT BE?

Dear Lord and can it ever be—
A sinful man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise—
Whose glory shines through endless
days?

Ashamed of Jesus—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
When'er I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,
When I've no sin to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast the Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

(Continued from column 1)

be in Canada. Mr. Wesley Johnson, of Rumford Maine, anxious to communicate. 18087

GRAY or COX, Reuben Henry — Age 37 years; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair hair; dark brown eyes; fair complexion. Born in Enfield Lock, England. Bootmaker by occupation. Nickname "Bob." Sent post card in March, 1930, marked "Toronto." Regular attendant of Salvation Army meetings. 18092

NOBLE, Robert Dunn — Born 1893. Height 6 ft.; dark hair; brown eyes; dark complexion. Hailing from Sunderland, England. Last heard of in the British Navy. Mother anxious for news. 18100

BOOTH, Edmund Johnson — Age 40; height 6 ft.; black hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion; scar on leg. At one time worked for Morgan's, in Montreal, as a window-dresser. Mother anxious for news. 18101

TAND, Olof August—Age 35; medium height; fair hair; blue eyes. Last heard of in 1927, in Ontario. To his advantage if he communicates with The Salvation Army. 18104

KRISTIANSEN, Friedla Reinhart—Age 66; blonde; blue eyes; skipper on cargo boat. Parents, in Norway, are anxious to hear from him. 18106

GULLEY, Evan Hugh — Also goes by the name of Harry or Slim. Age 39 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; mark across the bridge of his nose; weak eyesight; especially left one. Missing eighteen months. Last heard of in Iroquois Falls, Ont. 18107

SMITH, Owen — Served in the Canadian Army, but went to Michigan, U.S.A. Thought to have come back to Canada. Brother anxious to locate, as he has important news for him. 18110

BETHUNE, Gordon—Was in Toronto, 1918. Wife died in Weston Sanitarium. Fair complexion; grey eyes; short of stature. Late of the 94th Regiment. Mother anxious for news. 18119

MILLIKEN, John — Age 58; height 6 ft. 4 ins.; grey hair; brown eyes. Born in Belfast, Ireland. Printer by trade. Late of 11 Shannon Street, Belfast, Ireland, but thought to be in Canada now. His Cousin, L. McQuillen, anxious to hear from him. 18121

GADD, Anders — Left Sweden for America over thirty years ago. When last heard from, twenty-nine years ago, was in Canada. Has two sisters living in Malmo, Sweden. Daughter-in-law anxious to communicate with him regarding his sons, Irma and Einar Carlsson. 18125

PETERS, Herman — Age 28. Born in Germany. Dark hair; blue eyes; last heard of in 1929, in Cape Breton, N.S. 18132

WRIGHT, George Frederick and Albert — George, about 47, was a Sergeant in the Canadian Army. Frederick, aged 42, was care of Mrs. Richardson, Ranch, Ont. Albert, aged 39, in 1911 was working just outside Stratford, Ont. Brother, Benjamin, anxious to locate them. 18141

GORE, Jack, age 28, looks older; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; well built; grey eyes; deep set; fresh-looking. Left home, Trout Creek, around August, 1929. Wife broken-hearted over the silence. 17726

The World as we see it

BEFORE AND AFTER

"There's a Sample of Prohibition"
Laughed the Traveller, but he
Learned

ONE of the liveliest contributions to literature of Prohibition is a story contained in a letter from the United States.

"One extremely warm day," says the writer, "I was riding on a train from Pittsburgh, on the way to Wheeling. The only other occupants of the car were another travelling-man and a sleeping man clearly under the influence of liquor."

"At the junction across the river from Steubenville the train stopped for passengers ticketed to Steubenville. With the restarting of the train the conductor pulled the bell-cord for a second stop. He rushed into our car and aroused the sleeper, who immediately began voicing his objections to the awakening."

"This is where you get off! Hustle!" explained the conductor, none too pleased at the delay. It required the combined efforts of the conductor and his brakeman to assist the man to the ground.

"The conductor re-entered the car, wiping his face as he came."

"There's a sample of prohibition!" wise-cracked the other travelling-salesman.

"Is that so?" snapped the now exasperated conductor. "Well, you should have been running this train before prohibition!"

"That rather damped the gibling!"

LAND OF ADAM

Great Britain Relinquishes Mandate of Irak

THE ancient and historic land occupying the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, where Adam was monarch of all he surveyed, obtains full independence as a nation since Great Britain is to yield her mandate.

The mandate for Irak, formerly Mesopotamia, was assigned by the League of Nations and is the first mandate, thus assigned, to be relinquished.

By its terms Britain will withdraw her troops, but guarantees the new State from outside aggression, and retains the right to lease three air bases, thus protecting her line of communications to India.

Since the country has made steady economic progress under Faisal, son of the King of Mecca, there seems no logical reason to refuse or discourage the request for independence, although we may be sure Irak will enter this state with less fear and trembling because of the assurance that she will be protected from outside aggression by her former big guardian.

IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

Are You Going Home to the Old Country for CHRISTMAS.

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December 18th. for BELFAST—GLASGOW—
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A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

Community Which Abhors Sunshine

Odd Revelation Experienced by the Simple Expedient of Overturning
a Stone in a Field, and Observing the Queer Creatures Which "Love
Darkness Rather Than Light" Scurry for Cover

DID you never, in walking across the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges? And have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the

But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine.

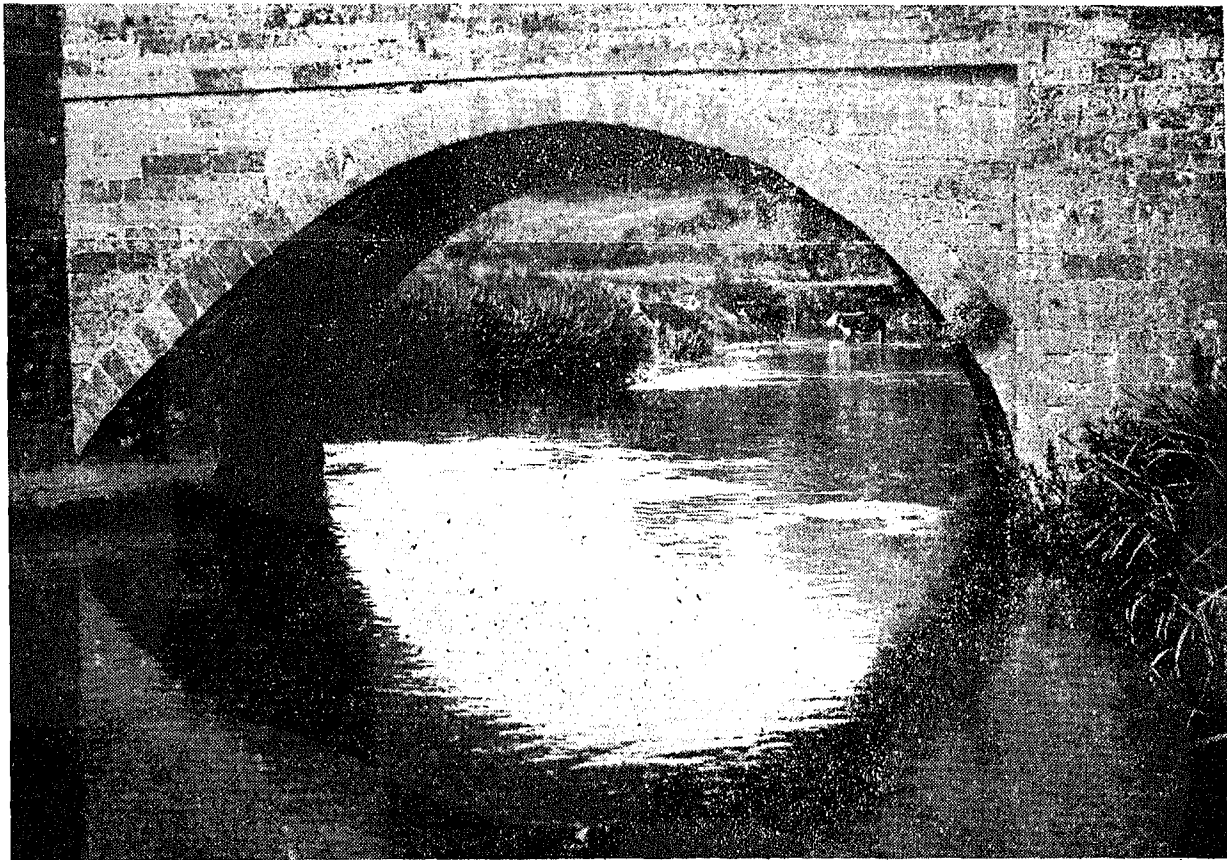
Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of

COULDN'T BE DONE

Scepticism Must Grovel Before
the "It-can-be-done" Achievements of to-day

LOOKING at the world of to-day—so strangely unlike that of yesterday—one cannot help wondering just how far the powers of humanity may yet extend. What will man do next? Is there no limit to his achievements? Can he—will he—go on adding triumph to triumph? Or will there dawn a day when he meets a wall of sheer impossibility and passes his hands over its surface in blank despair?

There was a time when the Indies were the fanciful romances of (as was believed) not too-veracious travellers. Our fathers could tell of phantasies of unbelief that seem incredible. They remembered the broad grin of the world at the strange ideas of two daring men named Wright who were bent on building a flying-machine. We ourselves can recall the smiling tolerance which greeted Bleriot, who was taken with such little seriousness



A scene of rustic charm is accentuated by these Hereford cattle cooling themselves in the placid stream

very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over!

Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them celeopterous or horny-shelled—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Swiss watches; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live time-keepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvae, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity!

insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through the glorified being.—O. W. Holmes.

THE MENTHOLATUM MISSIONARY

IN connection with the newspaper evangelism in Japan an experiment is being tried. The agency responsible for the distribution of an American patent medicine known as Mentholum is a great firm. An arrangement has been made with them by which every packet sold contains a short notice about Christianity, inviting the purchaser to apply to the offices of the agency for further information. Already thousands of such applications have been received. These applications are forwarded to several district offices for attention.

that scarce one of the London newspapers thought it worth while to send reporters to Dover to describe the Channel crossing. We have an uncomfortable feeling, too, about our private unbelief when Alcock and Brown, who flew the Atlantic for the first time in history, set out.

Similar cold douches have been administered to popular diffidence from all directions. We do not babble so freely about things which "cannot be done." On the contrary, we have learned our lesson well enough to regard New York calling up London, together with the Bremen, the Graf Zeppelin, and what not, as commonplace. It has been driven in upon our minds that of all predictable quantities the spirit of man is the least.

It is reported that Northern Alberta bituminous sands produce 95 per cent. pure tar.

WITH TIGERISH
FEROCITY
See page 12)

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada East & Newfoundland

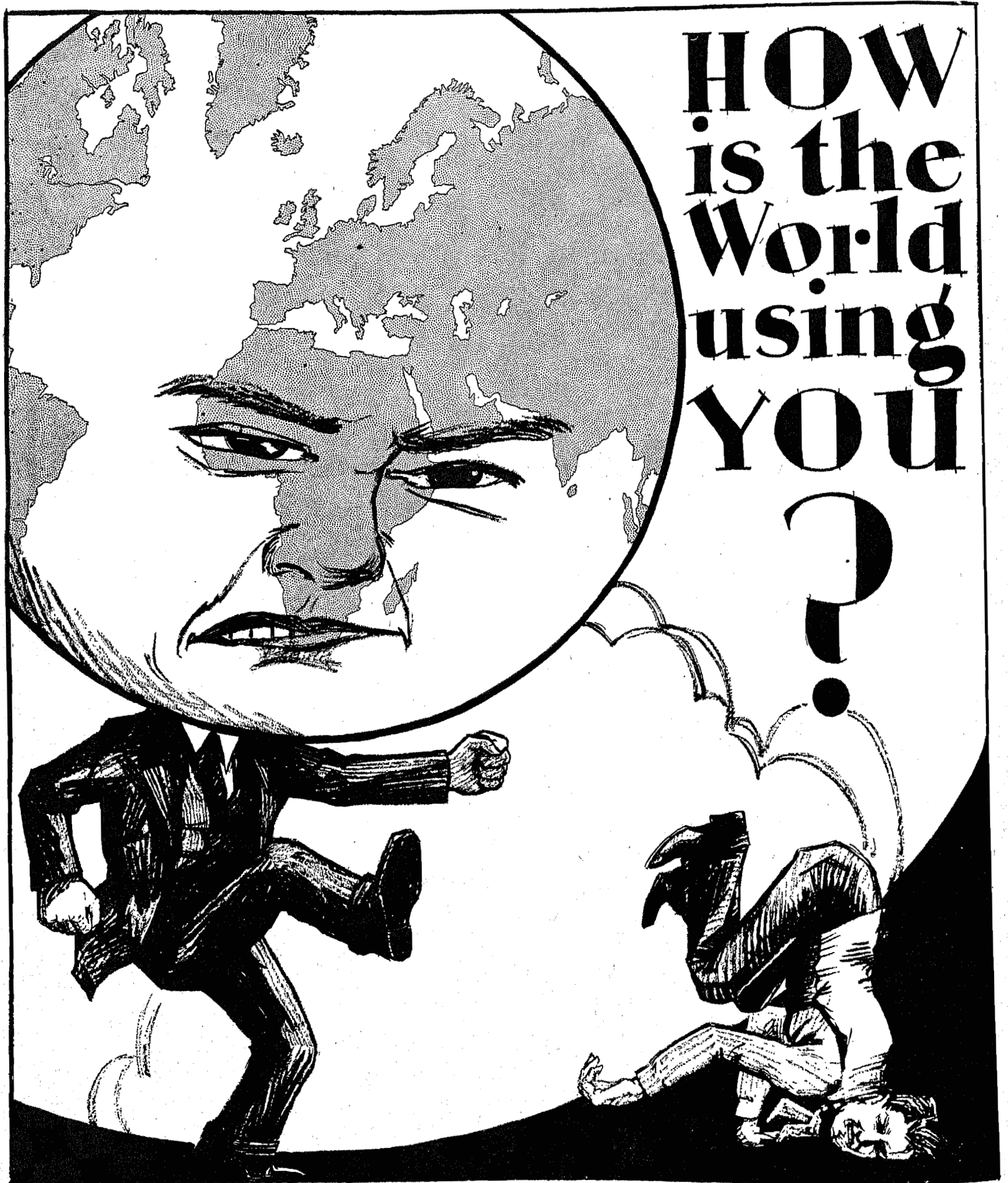
"NEARER MY GOD
TO THEE!"
(See page 5)

No. 2394. 16 pp. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, SEPTEMBER 6, 1930.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

YOU HAVE HEARD THIS QUESTION BEFORE



But Have You Considered This Angle? Why Not be Free from Worldly Dominion? Seek God's Aid and be in Charge of Your Own Life